

PENTHOUSE

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2018

**MONK ON A MISSION:
ONE MAN'S FIGHT
AGAINST ISIS**

**ROLE-PLAYING QUEEN:
OUR INTERVIEW WITH
MARGOT ROBBIE**

**ASTRONAUT SCOTT
KELLY BACK ON
FIRM GROUND**

**F-OFF WE'RE FULL:
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FROM THE EDITOR

No need to check the calendar to know summer has hit. Like clockwork, ice cold beer appears, the smell of sunscreen and mosquito repellent fills the air. Bronzed bodies appear, clothes disappear and the aromas from old mate's BBQ next door tease your taste buds.

It's something about the heat that brings people back to basics. A cold vessel with liquid inside it – check. Less clothing – check. Good people standing around something that cooks your food – check. It's tribal, which is exactly why it feels right. We've been doing this for thousands of years.

Then a magpie swoops and everything goes to shit.

Everyone at *Penthouse* has been working their collective arse off to bring you a cracker of an issue, making it more jam-packed than an esky on Australia day. And just like a beer straight from the cooler – you're going to love it.

The Debrief is packed. We've got the ultimate beer pong guide, (I'm not sure we need to encourage you to drink), we've got a guide to the hardest videogame ever, we look at why your kid might be more conservative than your racist grandad, and try to figure out what the hell 'Cocaine Cassie' was thinking in *Busted*.

What's the best way to dress for the summer heat? Choice of clothing is critical when it looks like your underarms went for a swim and didn't invite you. Don't be that guy – we've got the best advice on how to dress for any occasion over the summer months. Navigate to *Style* for the hot tip on how to stay cool.

You know what's cool? This month's *Feature*, which follows a renegade monk on a mission to save cultural artefacts from arseholes in ISIS who are trying to destroy them. You can then flick to *The Report* and read why Dick Smith believes Australia is in danger of overpopulation (personally, I preferred him when he was making that Vegemite rip-off).

As always, there is plenty inside for you to discover, including more than the odd babe or two. We know you read it for the articles, but there's nothing wrong with giving you guys that little something extra.

NH

NATHAN HARMOND

Editor



SUMMER GIVEAWAY

Thanks to the team at KOOL POOL we have some poolside merch to give away. For your chance to win, email info@phpublications.com and tell us your favourite summer party tune.



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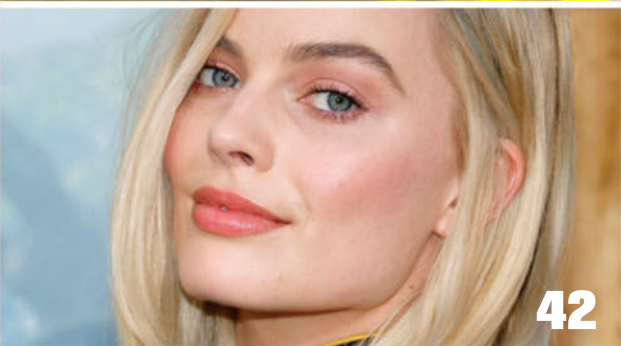
JESSIE NELSON



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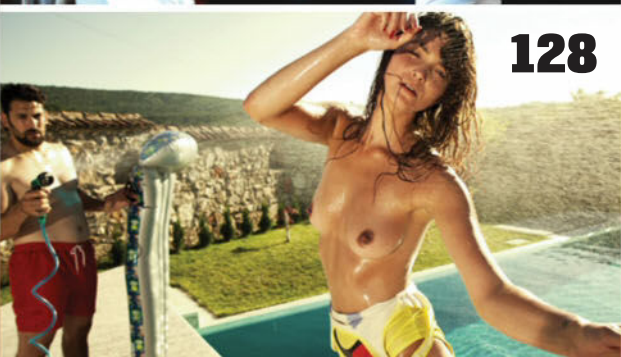
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PENTHOUSE

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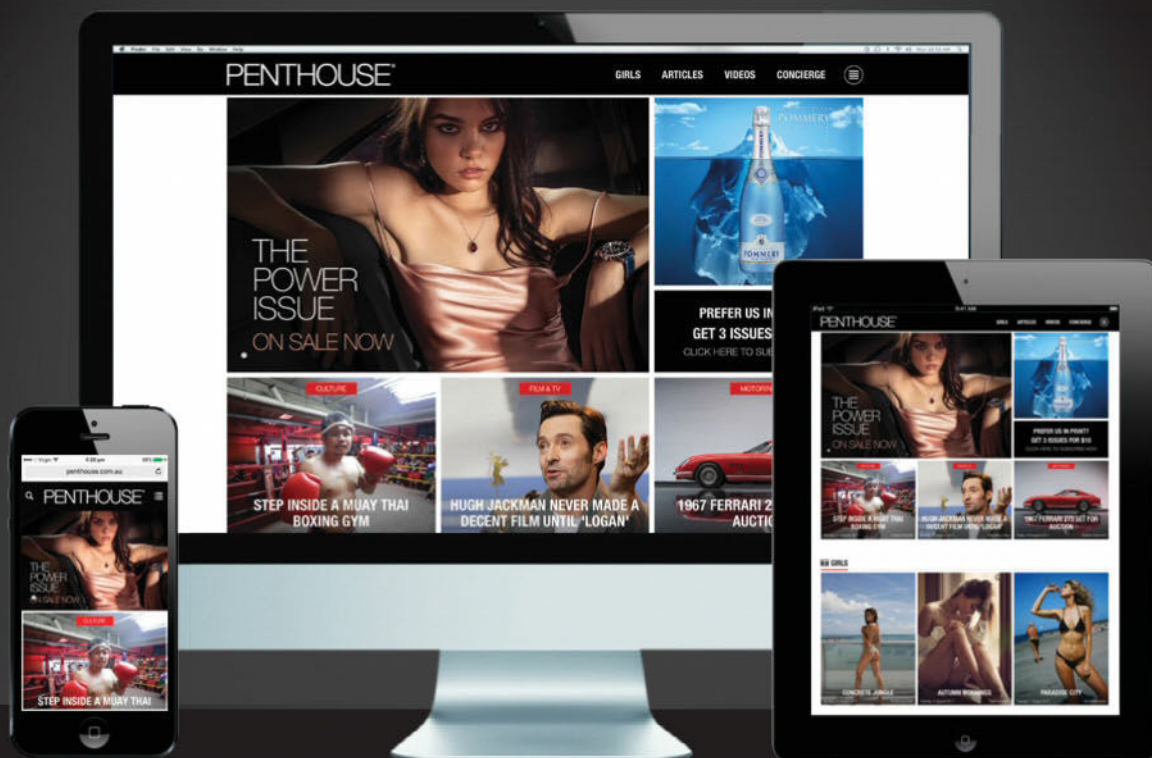
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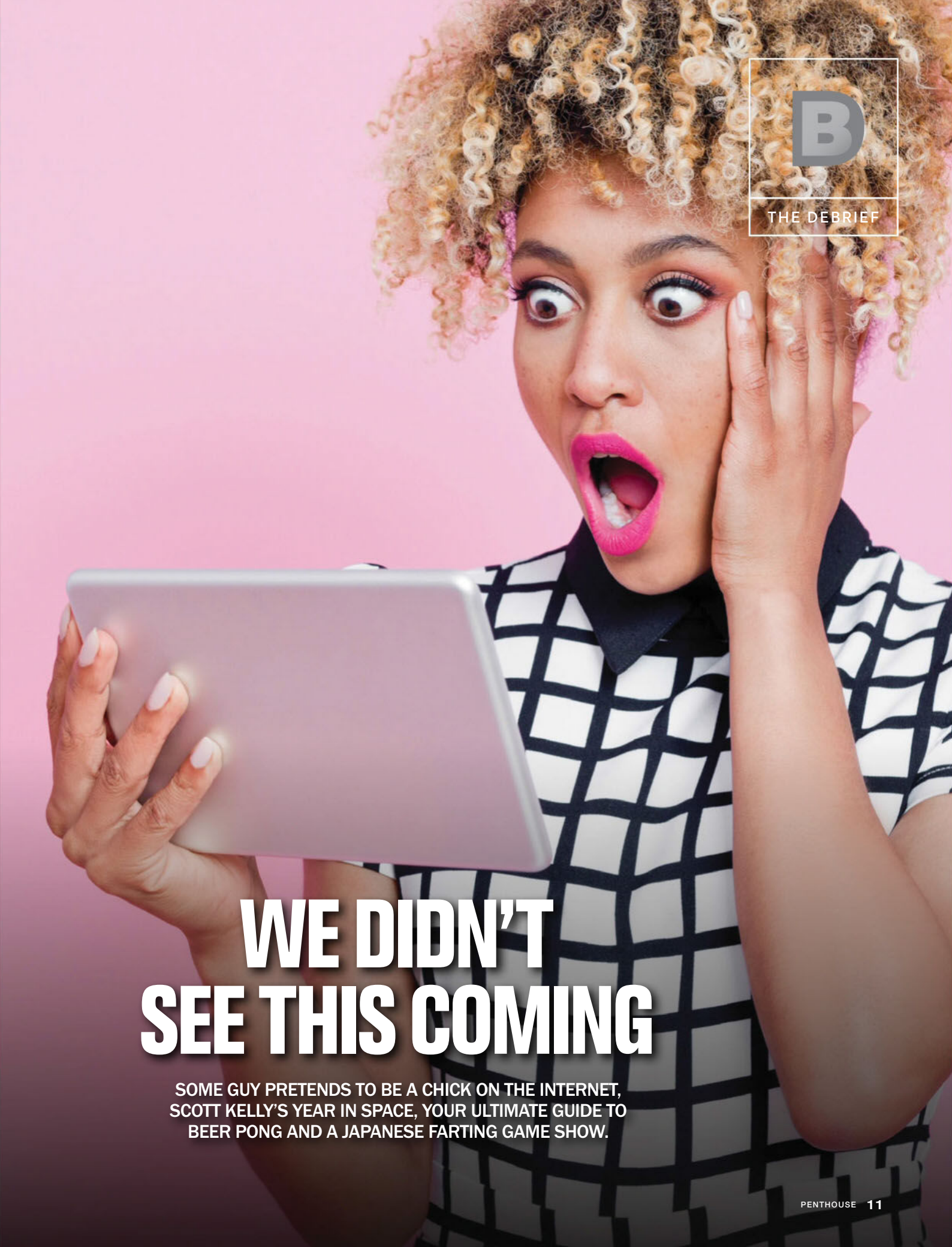
Should you have the right to know if the girl you're sleeping with is trans?

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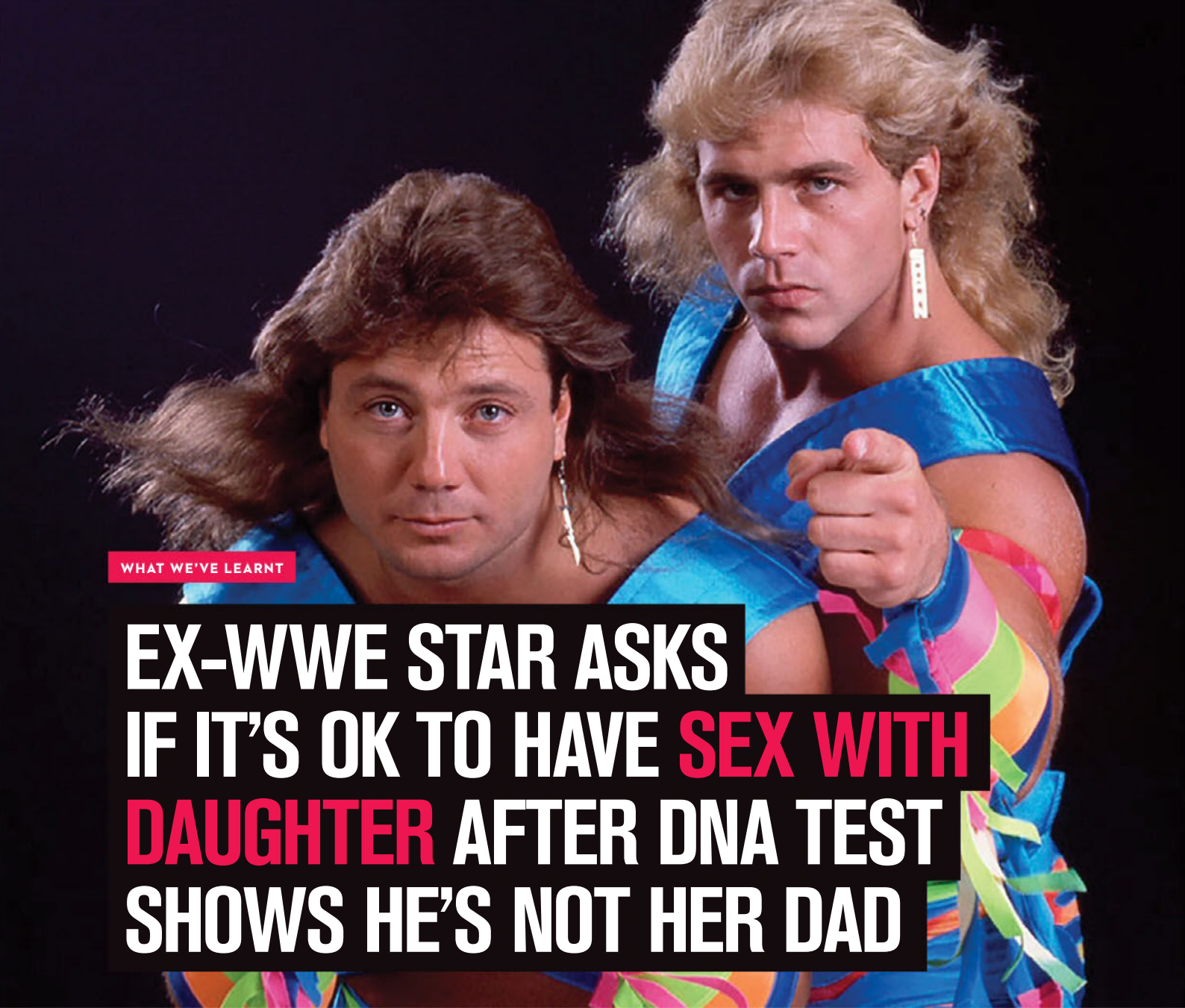
A woman with curly hair, wearing a black and white patterned top, is holding a tablet and looking at it with a shocked expression, her mouth wide open and hands near her face. The background is a solid pink color.

B

THE DEBRIEF

WE DIDN'T SEE THIS COMING

SOME GUY PRETENDS TO BE A CHICK ON THE INTERNET,
SCOTT KELLY'S YEAR IN SPACE, YOUR ULTIMATE GUIDE TO
BEER PONG AND A JAPANESE FARTING GAME SHOW.



WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

EX-WWE STAR ASKS IF IT'S OK TO HAVE **SEX WITH** **DAUGHTER** AFTER DNA TEST SHOWS HE'S NOT HER DAD

A FORMER pro wrestler has asked the internet if it's ok to sleep with a woman he had thought was his biological daughter, but it turns out she's not. Marty Jannetty, 57, said the pair had previously "both held off on sex" because it would have been wrong.

However, a recent DNA test found Marty's girl isn't in fact related to him at all, and now he wants to fuck her. But he can't get past the fact that she used to be his daughter... We wonder why?!

Although, now Jannetty is denying that he ever posted it and that 'someone' who has it out for the former pro-wrestler is using one of his many lost phones (the guy went on quite the number of benders apparently losing multiple phones in the process) to post on his Facebook account.



The former tag team and intercontinental champ, vowed to turn his life around after learning about Bianca's existence in 2014. However, after results confirmed he's not her dad, it seems he took to Facebook to ask his followers for advice.

The full post, which has since been deleted, read: "If you loves me as much as I loves you, you will give your opinion, just did DNA (2 weeks ago)... she's NOT my daughter... we both held out of sex because you don't do that... but now that we ain't???? From a guys side, SHES FUCKIN HOTT [sic]... but... she's been daughter... I want to too, but can't get past that..."

Jannetty has reportedly previously admitted that his first sexual encounter was with a niece or cousin when he was 12.

CRUEL NEW DATING TREND

IT'S one thing to get stood up or rejected by your date, and it's another to arrive at a destination only to realise you had your extra-strong beer goggles on the night before. But how about flying to another country and, while waiting – starry-eyed and excited – to see your new lover, you receive a text message that says, "You were pigged, it was all a joke."

Sophie Stevenson, 24, was on the receiving end of what can only be described as a shit joke after she flew to Amsterdam to see a dude she'd met in Barcelona a month before.

"We were talking up until I got on the plane," Stevenson told the *Daily Mail*. "But when I arrived he wasn't there to pick me up. I called him a bunch of times, and he didn't answer. I waited at the airport for two hours and I hadn't heard anything, I was really starting to panic about being abandoned."

Six hours later she received a message informing her that she had been "pigged".



THIS COMING, FORESEE I DID NOT

HISTORY is accepted by most as being open to interpretation. Still, most historians will agree that Jedi Master Yoda was not present at the founding of the United Nations.

Yet the late Saudi ruler King Faisal has found himself in unusual company, after he was depicted sitting next to the little green *Star Wars* character as he signed the UN Charter at the 1945 ceremony in San Francisco.

The picture was supposed to illustrate a section on the king's rule in a high school social studies textbook. Now Saudi officials are scrambling to remove the book and its erroneous image.

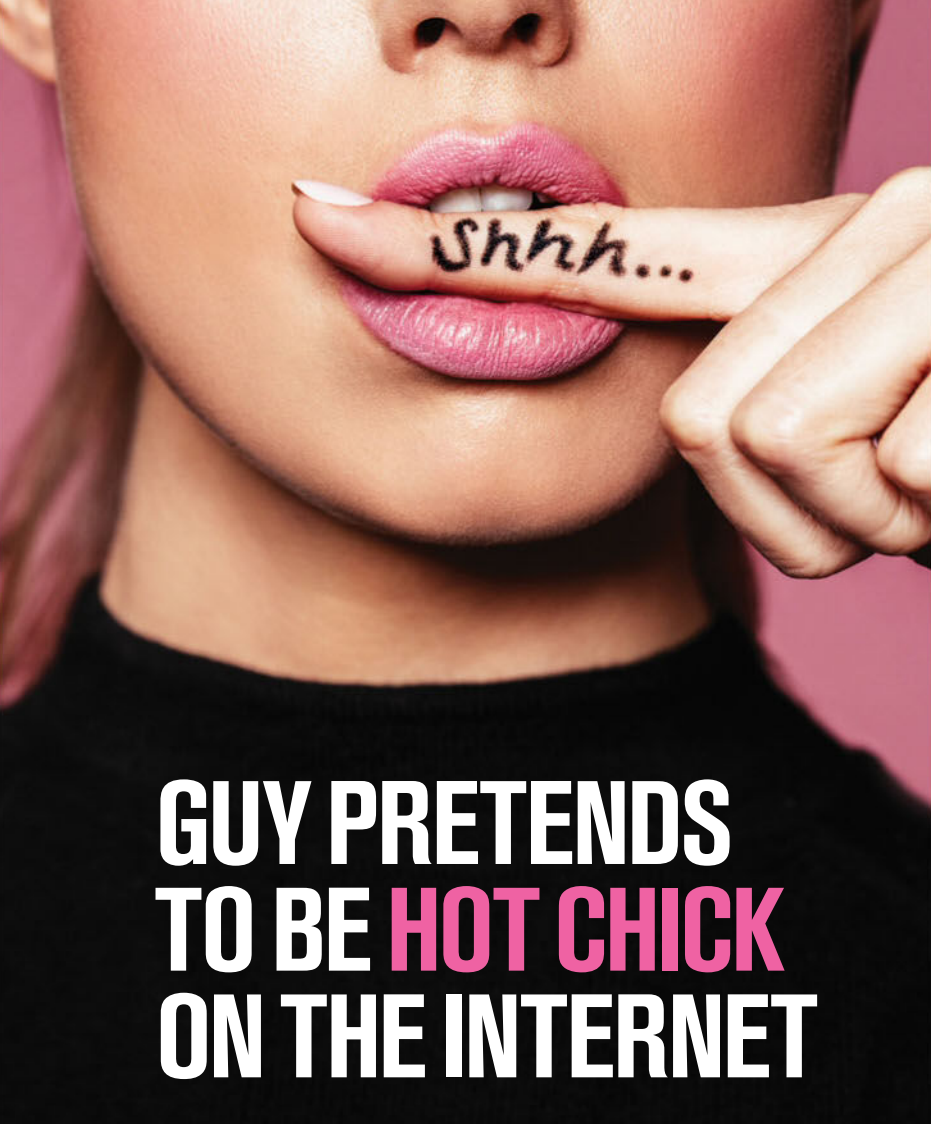
"The Ministry of Education regrets the inadvertent error," said Ahmed al-Eissa, the Saudi education minister.

"The ministry has begun printing a corrected copy of the decision and withdrawing the previous versions, and has formed a legal committee to determine the source of the error and to take appropriate action."

While it's not clear who was responsible for inserting the doctored image into the textbook, the black-and-white photo is the work of a 26-year-old Saudi artist named Abdullaah al-Sheri.

"I am the one who designed it, but I am not the one who put it in the book," he told the *New York Times*.





GUY PRETENDS TO BE **HOT CHICK** ON THE INTERNET

ONE brave online denizen decided to pretend to be a hot chick for a day on the Internet. Why? Well, he's not really sure. Except, after hearing all the stories about creeps, freaks and unsolicited dick pics women constantly receive, he decided to do a little research.

In order to pull off the stunt, Reddit user ComfyRug needed to pose as a female. Being the crafty type, he navigated the web, found some photos of a babe and uploaded them as his own. Now, deep undercover, he logged onto Kik Messenger to see what would happen.

At first glance Kik is just another messenger app, similar to Whatsapp. Upon closer inspection, however, it's a marketplace for unsolicited dick pics, hook-ups and strange requests, like "Want to show your cute feet?" Uh, not really?

The first thing ComfyRug discovered about being a hot chick on the internet is that guys really like to send dick pics, and need you to look at them. "One guy was kind enough to even send me three. All of them different dicks."

Then, to mix things up, ComfyRug began acting like a total weirdo – only to discover that being hot means you can get away with pretty much anything.

"I spoke to one guy for ages and he clearly wasn't a racist, Islamophobe or anti-Semite, he just pretended to be to talk to me. Honestly, he wasn't the only one. I pretended to be incredibly stupid, a conspiracy nut and someone with genuine psychological problems. They didn't really take in anything I was saying, I was talking at them and they were just nodding in the hope that if you agree with enough of my idiotic ideas, you get rewarded with naked pictures."

We reached out to ComfyRug for comment, and he had this to say: "You have no idea. The things that were left out were arguably worse than the things that were put in. Have you ever stared down the snake eye of a 60-year-old man's penis? I have. I don't recommend it."

Thanks for your commitment ComfyRug. We don't plan on pretending to be a hot chick any time soon.

MAN FED UP WITH NAGGING WIFE HIDES IN FOREST... FOR TEN YEARS

A man became so fed up with what he said was his wife nagging that he decided to skip town and head into the wild. He liked it so much he stayed for a decade.

Malcolm Applegate, 62, was married to his wife for three years before he hit breaking point and decided to ditch the relationship. Apparently she said he was spending too much time working in the garden instead of with her.

"I was married to her for three years, but unfortunately it got too much. I met her in Eastbourne and I married her in Birmingham. For three years it was alright, we got on with one another but then the gardening got too much for her.

"She said, 'Why don't we have more time together?' I said, 'How can I? I have been recommended to people to garden.'"

So one day he secretly left his home and camped in "thick woodland" near Kingston, south-east London, while working on gardens at a community centre for the elderly.

"There were three of us camping. They were just camping around with me because at the time I was working in the centre and we used to go there for a wash and a shower. No one knew we were there. It's not well known – nobody would go in there."

Malcolm ended up sleeping rough for 10 years, and his sister feared he was dead before they reunited when he found a new home. We're not sure what happened to his wife, and he didn't mention it.



THE PROOF IS IN THE SAUCE

THERE'S a joke around the office when someone gets a little too "pissed" – we refer to it as getting on the sauce. However, it never occurred to us that a lack of sauce might cause someone to go crazier than Harvey Weinstein after you turn down his massage request.

At the end of episode 1, season 3, in the popular sci-fi cartoon series *Rick and Morty*, Rick goes on a 30-second rant about McDonald's long discontinued Szechuan sauce. "I want that *Mulan* McNugget sauce, Morty... That's my series arc, Morty! If it takes nine seasons!"

The sauce was used as a promo item back in 1998 during the release of Disney's *Mulan* – fast-forward 20 years and fans are demanding that McDonald's bring it back. The scene had become an internet meme.

Seeing an opportunity, McDonald's announced it would bring the sauce back for one day, to select stores. Because the internet is an absurd place, people collectively lost their shit. Yet this was the calm before the storm, for things were about to get sticky – like sauce-on-your-fingers sticky.

One important thing to note is that the fanbase of *Rick and Morty* is largely 20-something males. Most of them

were still shitting in their diapers when the sauce was released, and therefore have never tried it – yet they'd been mobilised by the pop culture phenomenon that is *Rick and Morty*, and now they wanted their sauce!

So come D-Day, fans were lining up around the block at various McDonald's around the US. It's only 5am, the stores aren't even open, but the fans are excited, hopeful, optimistic: they're about to get their hands on a piece of pop culture history. Unfortunately for them, McDonalds seriously underestimated the interest in the sauce, and severely understocked its selected stores, delivering only a measly 20 packets of the sauce.

What was meant to be a scene of saucy serenity turned into a teenage riot as pre-pubescent boys jumped on counters, demanding they get their sauce, as regular McDonald's customers looked on confused and hungry. McDonald's saw a shot at capitalising on pop culture and totally dropped the ball.

Justin Roiland, one of the shows co-creators, had this to say. "FYI: We had nothing to do with this McDonald's stuff. Not happy with how this was handled. Please be cool to the employees as it's not their fault."

SCOTT KELLY'S YEAR IN SPACE



NASA astronaut Scott Kelly returned from 340 days on the International Space Station in March last year, and now he's opening up about his experiences onboard in his new book *Endurance* which was released this October. The goal of the mission was to test human endurance in space and to study the effects of prolonged time away from Earth, as well as give us an insight into what to expect when we eventually travel further into space in coming years.

Kelly's time on the ISS was marked by multiple near-death experiences. One such event saw the station at risk of being hit by space debris that would have destroyed it, killing everyone onboard. Unable to do anything, Kelly was ordered by NASA to close and check all the hatches on the US segment of the station – something he considered a useless procedure. Meanwhile, the Russian cosmonauts had lunch.

Upon arriving home, Kelly found himself barely able to function. His entire body ached due to the crushing pressure of Earth's gravity – he found himself constantly nauseous, dizzy and struggling to move around the house. Furthermore, the high level of radiation exposure he was subjected to in space "would increase my risk of a fatal cancer for the rest of my life."

Kelly has single-handedly progressed humanity's understanding of what prolonged time in space does to the human body and mind. He will remain a human guinea pig for the rest of his life, no matter how long, or short, it is.

One of the unique aspects of Kelly's participation in the mission is that he has an identical twin brother, Mark, who is also a former astronaut. Mark remained on Earth as the human control on the ground during Scott's year-long stay in space. NASA's Twins Study comprises 10 different investigations coordinating together and sharing data and analysis as one large, integrated research team. The study focuses on human physiology, behavioural health and microbiology, right down to the molecular level.



POLE DANCING NOW RECOGNISED AS A PROFESSIONAL SPORT

IT may come as a surprise to a lot of Aussie men who already considered pole dancing a national sport – at least down at the local pub. But, for all its finesse and physical demand, pole dancing has only just been recognised as a professional sport by an international sporting body, following an 11-year battle by a British competitor to take it to the Olympic Games.

The announcement follows more than a decade of campaigning by Katie Coates, a pole dancing instructor who has collected more than 10,000 signatures since 2006 to raise the sport's status.

Speaking to the *Daily Telegraph*, Coates said: "In the early 2000s people started doing it as fitness, (taking away the sex stigma, so no high heels) and making it accessible for average people.

"Pole dancing is not like everyone thinks it is, you need to actually watch it to understand."

To be fair, if you've watched pole dancing, you'll recognise that it's every bit as demanding, dangerous, athletic, and artistic as any of the current gymnastics competitions, and well deserving of its newfound status.

Imagine the look on an athlete's face when they find out they're sharing their Olympic housing facility with a squad of pole dancers... If the Olympic Village wasn't already a total shagfest, it sure as hell will be if this gets the green light.



JACK
BLACK

DWAYNE
JOHNSON

KEVIN
HART

KAREN
GILLAN

JUMANJI

WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE

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BASED ON THE BOOK JUMANJI BY CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG SCREENPLAY BY CHRIS MCKENNA & ERIK SOMMERS AND SCOTT ROSENBERG & JEFF PINKNER PRODUCED BY MATT TOLMACH WILLIAM TETTLER
CASTING LAURA JEAN SHANNON COSTUME DESIGNER TED FIELD MUSIC BY DAVID HOUSEHOLTER
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IT'S NOW **LEGAL** TO LIQUEFY A DEAD BODY

THE likelihood of ending up in a coffin six-feet under after you kick the bucket is decreasing. California Governor Jerry Brown has recently passed a bill that makes it legal for Californians to liquefy corpses in a bath of caustic juice.

The process, referred to as water cremation (or aquamation, resomation, bio-cremation, or

flameless cremation), is being touted as an environmentally friendly alternative, and will go into effect by at least July 1, 2020.

"A lot of people view water cremation as a more respectful option and we're glad a lot of people will be able to have it," Jack Ingraham, CEO of sustainable

cremation company Qico, tells *Inverse*. "We think this is a trend for the future. I think within 10 to 20 years, cremation will be thought of as a water-based process, and the entire flame process will be replaced."

While no actual liquid is returned to the survivors, the remaining calcium from the bones will be crushed and returned to the family as ashes.

CRAZY JAPANESE PORNSTARS RELEASE FARTING GAME SHOW

If you've been to a theatre or a movie and had someone in the audience fart near you, you're well aware of the kind of devastation this can cause. Short of standing up, holding your breath and exiting the venue, you have nowhere to run, nowhere to hide – you're helpless, like a fish out of water, swimming in fart. Meanwhile some sick sadist nearby is smirking to themselves, finding pleasure in your disgust.

So we can't imagine why the hell anyone would pay for tickets to attend a show to watch people fart on stage. But that's exactly what happens in the latest production to hit the theatre in Japan (where else?).

A trio of female Japanese porn stars launched a bizarre new show called *Let's All Hear Beautiful Girls Fart Together* at Tokyo's Lefkada Theatre.

The trio previously appeared on a Japanese adult TV show called *The Fart Program*. While we're not really sure what they did (we guess they farted), their performance was described as "not skilful". Harsh.

According to SoraNews24, the organisers of the show want to "bring joy to Japan's 120 million fart fans" and test the women to "the limit of their intestines".

The art of breaking wind for an audience is known as flatulism and has been popular since as early as the 4th century.



INSTAGRAM FOOT FETISH FANS

WE all know that Instagram has rapidly become a huge avenue for aspiring models, fitness gurus and fashionistas to get their personal brand out into the public domain. And there's some decent scratch in it – with the top earners on the social media platform pulling in millions of dollars a year.

Jessica Gould, a 32-year-old woman from a small town in Ontario, Canada, has taken a slightly different approach to generating her Instagram fanbase. And she's made a decent living from it too: upwards of US\$70,000 a year. How? Simply by taking photos of her feet in different poses.

While a thing for feet was once considered one of the more bizarre fetishes, the internet has exposed us all – for better or worse – to the full range of strange perversions and kinks out there. Of course you can make money as a foot fetish model on Instagram! It's 2017 and this sort of stuff no longer surprises anyone.

Except for Gould, who was definitely surprised to find herself in such a niche line of work. Initially scoffing at the idea when she came across an ad for female foot fetish models, her curiosity ended up getting the better of her and she applied for the job. "Never did I think for an instant that anyone would be interested in my feet," she recently told *Cosmopolitan*. "At the time I had no idea just how wrong I was, or just how far into the world of fetishes I would someday find myself."

Going by the name of Miss Scarlett Vixxen, the foot fetish queen has garnered an army of almost 13,000 followers, some of whom request exclusive photos of her feet or special requests such as wearing certain footwear, exposing her dirty soles or even stepping on food.

It's a weird world out there, but we're not judging. Besides, it's good to know that in today's economy you can make money doing something totally bizarre – and not all jobs have to be "sole-less". (Should we be shot for that one?)



MAN ARRESTED FOR DRIVING NEARLY NAKED COVERED IN VASELINE

POLICE are often put in deadly situations in the line of duty. But for every shootout and high-speed chase you see on shows like *Cops*, there's always at least a few genuinely weird, almost light-hearted moments. We'd like to think it keeps the job interesting. Take, for example, the Oklahoma man who was pulled over by police for doing 90km/h in a 70 zone, wearing nothing but a G-string bikini bottom. What's more, he almost 'slipped' away when Deputy Darryl Beebe of the Garfield County Sheriff's Department made the realisation that the 54-year-old was almost entirely covered in Vaseline.

We're talking hands, his upper body and legs.

Deputy Beebe immediately noted that when he pulled the slippery speeder over the whole driver's side of the vehicle was "extremely greasy".

Upon further inspection, Beebe saw an emptied-out tub of Vaseline on the passenger side of the car along with a "pornographic magazine". While we're obviously all for it when it comes to porn, we don't condone trying to 'multitask' while in the driver's seat. At any rate, we don't know if the magazine in the car was *Penthouse*, and quite frankly we don't want to know. It's not the sort of publicity we're looking for.

Turns out old mate from Oklahoma was an ex-con who'd spent the past 27 years in jail for a variety of offences, including domestic assault, burglary, car theft and narcotics possession.

He admitted to the officer on the spot that he was indeed speeding. In his G-string. While masturbating. Lubed up almost from head to toe.

Never have we come across a more literal interpretation of "greasing the wheels of justice."





GET THE PICTURE

THE prospect of amazing encounters with Great Whites, Tiger Sharks, Whale Sharks, Hammerheads and many other shark species mean that each year more and more divers are heading underwater to swim with these magnificent and misunderstood predators at hot-spots all over the world, from Australia, South Africa, the USA and Mexico, to Fiji, the Red Sea, the UK and the Bahamas. *Diving with Sharks* by New Holland Publishers, RRP \$39.99, newhollandpublishers.com.



HOT SHOT

ISABELLE DELTORE

www.isabelledeltore.com

ISABELLE wasn't your run-of-the-mill kid. "When all my friends were playing netball, I was shooting air rifles and 22s".

She's also the first Aussie girl in 54 years to win the prestigious Miss Nude World competition twice, which is no easy feat. Congratulation Isabelle, we love what you're doing.

CREDIT: PHOTOGRAPHER AND MAKE UP BY NATALIE V

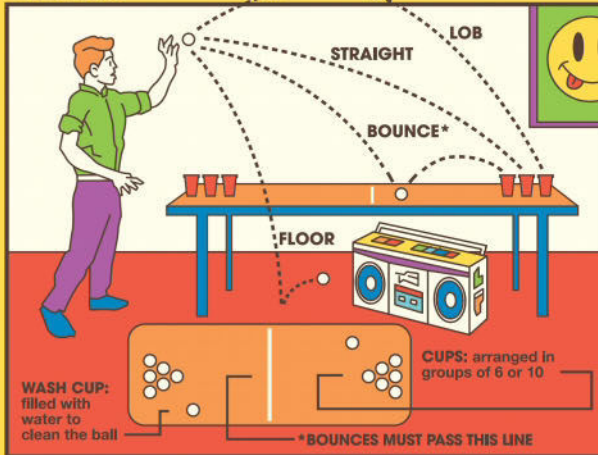
BEER PONG

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INSTRUCTIONS/ INSTRUCCIONES PARA CERVECAS TENIS DE MESA

BATTLEFIELD



In the event of a party, this is how it's played out.

EQUIPMENT



Don't use fire to dispose of supplies.

SUPPLY REPLENISHMENT



In the event of shortage, grab fridge handle.

Open fridge and look through food.

If out of supplies, search recliners for quarters.

OXYGEN/OXYGENO/OXYGENE



In event of cheese cutting incident, search for hat.

Put hat over mouth and exit vicinity.

PING PONG BALL RECOVERY



If ball is missing, look for this person.

Grab person and do this to their tummy.

PARTY EVACUATION



To leave the party, jump out of nearest portal.

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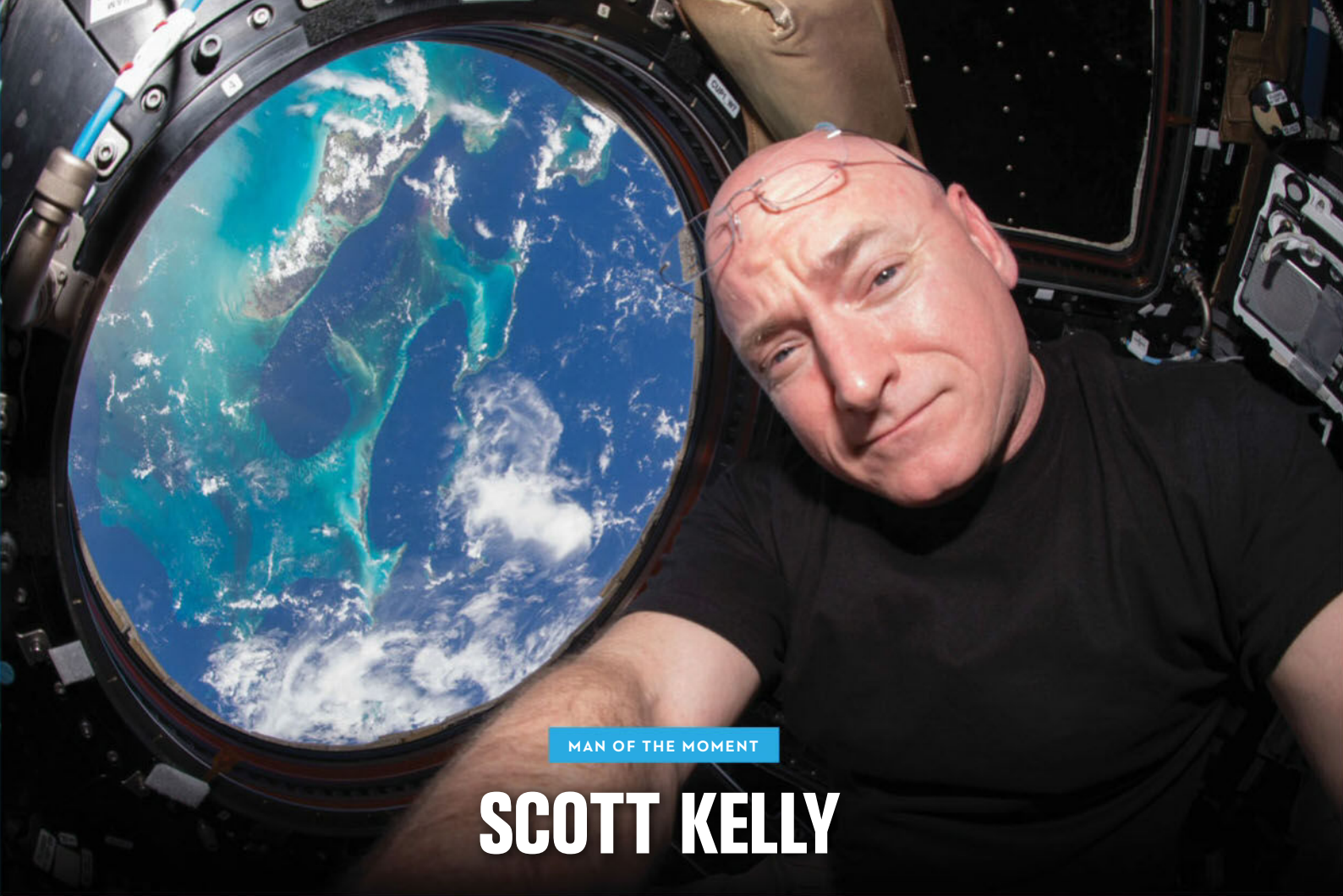
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MAN OF THE MOMENT

SCOTT KELLY

SIXTEEN trips around the earth, 16 sunrises and sunsets, and 16 opportunities to see the planet pass by below like few ever have. This is a day in the life of Scott Kelly aboard the International Space Station, travelling at around 28,000 kilometres per hour, some 400 kilometres above Earth's surface.

On March 1, 2016, the NASA astronaut returned from an astounding 340 days in space. Scott's time in orbit was spent largely as a human guinea pig, giving scientists the unprecedented opportunity to study the effects of microgravity on the human body and mind over periods longer than six months. "I've taken blood samples for analysis back on Earth, and kept a log of everything, from what I eat to my moods. I've taken ultrasounds of my blood vessels, my heart, my eyes and my muscles," Scott said.

But what made this trip particularly of interest to science is that Scott has an identical twin, a retired astronaut, who remained on Earth as a control subject. "Because my brother, Mark, and I are identical twins, [I also took] part in an extensive study comparing the two of us throughout the year, down to the genetic level."

The ongoing Twins Study involves 10 different investigations that focus on human physiology, behavioural health, microbiology/microbiome and molecular studies. When Scott wasn't prodding and poking himself, he watched 13 crewmates come and go and completed three gruelling but exhilarating spacewalks: two planned, plus an emergency trip outside to move a stuck piece of machinery that would've prevented a Russian spacecraft from docking the following week. He then spent days desperately trying to fix a dangerously defective carbon dioxide scrubber.

But the most critical moment of the entire feat would be his

last mission: returning home. Entering Earth's atmosphere is incredibly dangerous and, if anything were to have gone wrong, Scott and the crew would've been at risk of becoming a flaming ball of steel as soon as they hit the earth's atmosphere – another shooting star disappearing on the edge of space. The Russian Soyuz capsule would have to withstand heats of up to 1648°C, in the form of a fireball just inches above Scott and his Russian crewmates' heads, if they were to survive. In his book *Endurance*, Scott recounts what happened during this exact moment in descent in 1971, when three Russians died in the Soyuz 11 mission.

"When it's time to separate the crew module – the tiny, cone-shaped capsule we are sitting in – from the rest of the Soyuz, we hold our breath," he writes. "The three modules are exploded apart. Pieces of the habitation module and instrumentation compartment fly by the windows, some of them striking the sides of our spacecraft. None of us mentions it, but we all know that it was at this point in a Soyuz descent in 1971 that three cosmonauts lost their lives, when a valve between the crew module and the orbital module opened during separation, depressurising the cabin and asphyxiating the crew."

But Scott's capsule survived the descent, and the chute deployed with a jerk, throwing their capsule through the sky – a sensation Scott describes as "going over Niagara Falls in a barrel that is on fire." The dangerous part was over. Scott would then need to face the crippling effects of gravity on the human body after a year in space. Not to mention the fact that the high level of radiation exposure he was subjected to in space would increase his risk of a fatal cancer for the rest of his life. **1**

BURLESQUE'S BRIGHTEST STAR

DITA VON TEESE

IN

The Art of the Teese



Astor Theatre

PERTH

FEB 16 - 17

Thebarton Theatre

ADELAIDE

FEB 20

State Theatre

SYDNEY

FEB 22 - 23

Palais Theatre

MELBOURNE

MAR 1 - 2

The Star

GOLD COAST

MAR 4

QPAC

BRISBANE

MAR 6 - 7

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 **Vice**



LIFE IS PEACHY

AT the 2017 Sundance Film Festival, a feature titled *Call Me By Your Name* premiered to rave reviews, critical acclaim and a touch of controversy. The indie film, which comes out in Australia on Boxing Day, is a queer love story set in rural Italy, about a 17-year-old falling in love with a 24-year-old. It's not a particularly explicit film; the sexuality is more implied than graphic. Having said that, there's an unforgettable scene that involves a young man masturbating with a peach.

Call Me By Your Name is an adaptation of a novel by André Aciman, and the peach masturbation scene was one that director Luca Guadagnino wasn't sure how to approach. "I was tempted to remove it from the script," he told *Out Magazine*. "In the book, it is so strong and explicit that I thought it was a metaphor, something that couldn't exist in real life." But, as a director who takes his art seriously, Guadagnino decided to do some gonzo research: he took the most pragmatic approach he could think of and fucked a peach.

At the time there was still some uncertainty on set about whether the

scene was going to remain in the film. When Guadagnino told Timothée Chalamet – the young star who would be acting it out – what he'd done with the peach, Chalamet confessed he'd been doing some research of his own. "I went to Timothée and said, 'We shoot the scene, because I tried it and it worked.' And he said, 'I tried, too, and I already knew it worked.'"

This level of method acting, or method directing in Guadagnino's case, is reflective of how immersive and authentic indie cinema can be. It was a real eye-opener for the other lead, Armie Hammer, who's previously starred in big blockbuster films such as *The Social Network*, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* and *The Lone Ranger*. Hammer, who's actually a straight dude with a couple of kids, said *Call Me By Your Name* challenged him in ways he hadn't previously experienced. "I knew it was going to be a project that would push me and require a lot more from me than I really have to give," he told *IndieWire*. "You're not standing in front of green screen, you're not doing some big action, you're not doing some big stunt. It's two people being incredibly naked and vulnerable with each

other, literally and emotionally, on camera. I was like, 'I don't know if I can do this as an actor.'"

Hammer only agreed to the role after personally bonding with Guadagnino, who became a sort of mentor. The two had conversations about how "fear and desire are really part and parcel of the same thing," and Hammer decided he was up for the challenge: "I realised that if I'm going to commit myself to being an artist and making movies for the rest of my life then I need to find things that push and challenge me."

While the film obviously challenged Hammer's personal boundaries, you get the sense it was designed to push the limits of society's boundaries on sexual freedom, too. James Woods, a 70-year-old conservative actor, attacked the movie on Twitter, accusing it of, "quietly chipping away the last barriers of decency." But pushing boundaries is a big part of the film's appeal. During the scene with the peach, the younger man questions himself, "I'm sick, aren't I?" His lover replies, "You're not sick. I wish everyone was as sick as you." **1**

ROCK OF OZ

AUSTRALIA'S summer is well known as the silly season. The weather is good, there are plenty of public holidays, and it's a ripe time for barbecues, festivals and hedonistic indulgence. But temperatures can also be harsh, people get sweaty and bushfires are common. Relief comes via downing a cold beer or plunging into the surf. The soundtrack to all this is unquestionably Aussie rock: impassioned men singing about sex, and booze. Indeed, nothing defines the Australian summer quite like Aussie rock. Here are some of the anthems that pay tribute to the culture of the lucky country.

It's a Long Way to the Top (If You Wanna Rock 'n' Roll) **AC/DC**

The film clip to this classic Aussie pub tune was shot on a beautiful summer's day in 1976. The lads in the band, looking young and wild, are playing the song on the back of a flatbed truck as it drives up Swanston Street in Melbourne's CBD. It's a tune that goes to the core of the Australian work ethic while still managing to glorify the pure outlaw spirit of rock 'n' roll. Released in 1975, back when Bon Scott was at the helm of AC/DC, this track chronicles: "Gettin' robbed, gettin' stoned, gettin' beat up, broken boned / Gettin' had, gettin' took, I tell you folks, it's harder than it looks." The lyrics are about the hardships of a touring band. It has a party vibe, but it's also a nod to the quintessential Aussie battler.

Stories of Me **Paul Kelly**

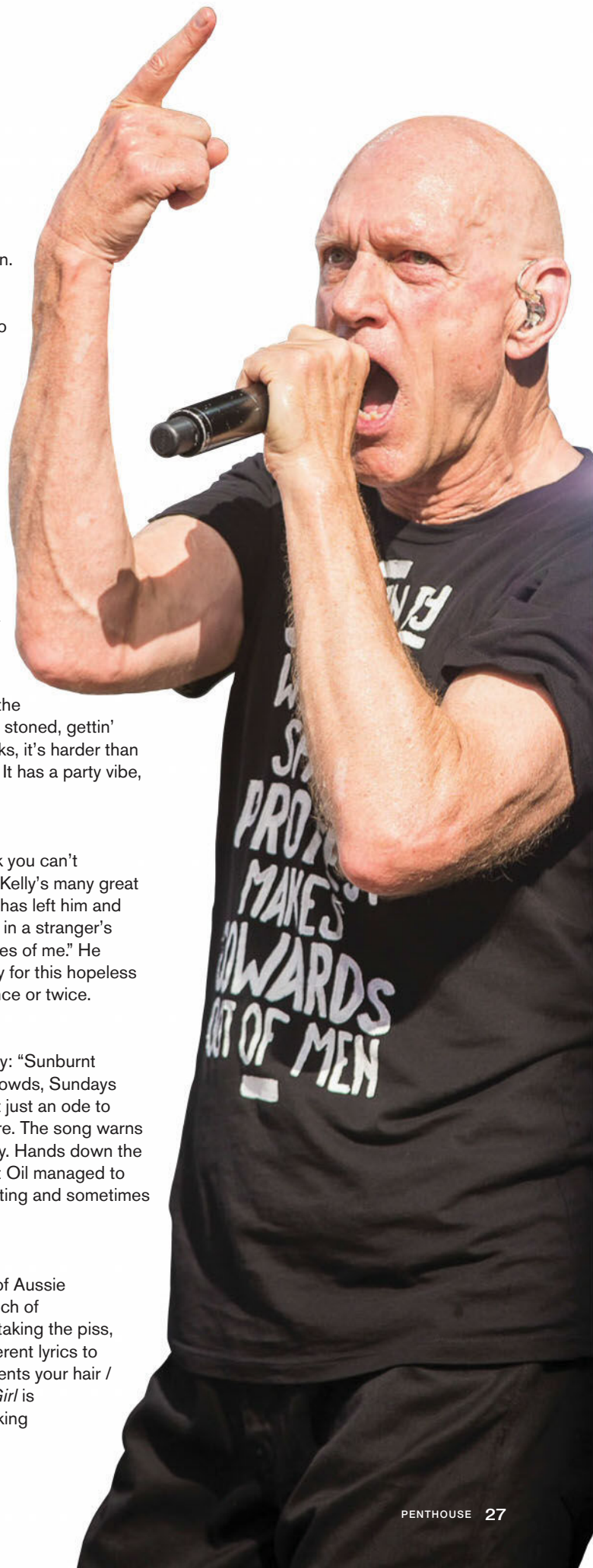
This one's a sad, booze-soaked ballad about getting so drunk you can't remember what you did the night before, and it's one of Paul Kelly's many great fables. *Stories of Me* charts the demise of a man whose wife has left him and his resulting reputation for getting blackout drunk. "I woke up in a stranger's bed, wondering about the things she said to me / These stories of me." He laments the pain of addiction while offering a slice of empathy for this hopeless everyman, who you feel like you might have met at the pub once or twice.

Power and the Passion **Midnight Oil**

Peter Garrett had a gift for depicting iconic Australian imagery: "Sunburnt faces around, with skin so brown / Smiling zinc cream and crowds, Sundays the beach, never a cloud." But *Power and the Passion* wasn't just an ode to Australia, it was a critique of the Americanisation of our culture. The song warns against Big Macs and Uncle Sam and our own cultural apathy. Hands down the most political Aussie rock band in Australian history, Midnight Oil managed to captivate the mainstream audience while putting forth interesting and sometimes complex political and cultural ideas.

For a Girl **Goons of Doom**

There's probably no band that better encompasses the vibe of Aussie summer better than the Goons of Doom. Comprised of a bunch of hard-partying, sunburnt surfers from Sydney who are usually taking the piss, they've got more than a decade's worth of hilarious and irreverent lyrics to make you laugh. "I'm the only selfish cunt that never compliments your hair / But look around, my love, you'll always find me there." *For a Girl* is a tongue-in-cheek love song about destroying your liver, smoking ciggies and being a fuck-up (but a loyal one). ❶





THE LIES AND TRIBULATIONS OF COCAINE CASSIE

MOVE over Schapelle Corby, we've got ourselves a new young white girl to take the mantle of Australia's number one drug mule sweetheart. Cassandra Sainsbury – or “Cocaine Cassie”, as she has been affectionately dubbed by the media (cool nickname by the way, Cass) – is 22 years young and has landed herself a six year stay at Buen Pastor women's prison in Bogota, Colombia. Bummer.

Pretty harsh, but it could have been considerably worse for the Adelaide girl, who maintained her innocence right up to the last moment and almost blew a very generous plea deal organised by her Colombian lawyers.

She dropped the “I've never seen those in my life, officer” defence pretty quickly and soon ‘fessed up to carrying the drugs. Then after her lawyers brokered a fairly decent plea bargain (getting her a maximum of six years' jail time) she rocked up to court and changed her story again. She announced that she had new proof on her mobile phone that some unnamed figures threatened to kill her if she didn't carry the drugs, making her much less guilty of the crime by virtue of the fact she was violently coerced. There was only one problem: she'd forgotten the passcode to her phone. No, really. If there were a legal defence equivalent for “the dog ate my homework”, this would be it.

Cassie claimed that she initially took the \$10,000 job thinking she was only going to be carrying some documents. The situation turned sour when she realised that while her cargo was white, it definitely wasn't made of paper. Surprise, surprise.

Let's make this clear to anyone out there who might be considering a trip to the cocaine capital of the world: if a strange Colombian man offers to pay you a huge amount

of cash to carry documents – just say no. Because it will definitely be drugs. Like, 100 per cent. We find it difficult to believe that anybody would need to be told that. But then you look into her past and realise that an ‘unorthodox’ approach to making money isn't that unusual for Cass.

For example, during a brief stint as treasurer for her local Yorketown tennis club, she allegedly flogged \$3000 from the club accounts. Even though there's an affidavit out there with her name on it detailing how she managed to rip the club off, she denies she did it. Just like she denies she was an escort in Western Sydney's Club 220, flying in and out from Adelaide on a monthly basis. She reckons she worked there as a FIFO receptionist. There's nothing wrong with being an escort, but that is the worst cover we've heard since “Waiting for a mate.”

She also told her fellow escorts that she needed money to fund treatment for her sick and dying mother (who was neither sick nor dying) as well as a metric coke load of other lies to her fiancé and sister about why she was making a quick round trip to Colombia. Her fiance thought it was to promote her personal fitness business, because naturally you'd need to travel half way around the world to do that. Her sister apparently thought she was starting a contract cleaning company.

Cass got off easy in the end – especially compared to Schapelle. Her lawyers (funded by \$100,000 in taxpayer dosh – you're welcome, Cass) got her a decent sentence: six years, with the potential to be out in three if she behaves herself. While Schapelle, who was dealing in a drug most people think should be legal, was imprisoned for over 12 years and even had to convert to Islam while behind bars. Cass should remind herself: it could always be worse. **1**

THE RISE OF CONSERVATIVE GEN Z

HAVE you ever looked at a highschool kid, with his pimples, bad teenage mo and cracking voice, glued to a phone screen, Snapchatting the inane details of his life, and thought: "This generation is going to turn out completely fucked up"?

For the number of editorial pages and column inches dedicated to the Millennials (overly entitled, lazy, sensitive snowflakes, social justice warriors...), very little is written about the next generation rising steadily through the ranks.

The so-called "Gen Z" that comes after X and Y (yeah, remember when we used to call Millennials Gen Y?) are a widely misunderstood lot. This may have to do with the fact teenagers have never been known for their stellar communication skills, and cultural shifts over the last decade mean people from different gens probably don't have much to say to each other. I don't know who or what an Ariana Grande is, but it sounds like a new flavour of coffee they serve at Starbucks.

So why should we care about a bunch of social media addicted highschool kids who (probably) listen to terrible music?

Well apparently they are the most revolutionary generation the world has seen in the past 70 years. And I mean revolutionary in the true sense of the word: they are the polar opposite of pretty much all their predecessors. While Millennials have been off enforcing language codes and mystifying the general population with more terms for gender than Eskimos have for snow, Generation Z have been sitting back in disgust, vowing to never let that kind mass hysteria take hold in their cohort.

They have been dubbed "the most conservative generation since WWII".

They hate political correctness, which they see as having been thrust upon them, and are much more likely to vote for someone like Donald Trump. They think your university degree is dumb – and some of them are already saving for retirement.

Let's take a look at the few studies that have actually been conducted on the subject.

First, there's the often-cited UK study conducted by brand consultancy The Gild. The researchers quizzed 2000 adults on social issues such as gay marriage, marijuana legalisation, transgender rights and tattoos, and found 59 per cent of Gen Z respondents described their views as 'conservative' or 'moderate'. Compare that to the Xers and Millennials, where 85 per cent described themselves as 'liberal' or 'very liberal'.

Jeff Brauer, a researcher at Pennsylvania's Keystone College whose name you might see bandied around when the topic comes up in the media, conducted his own studies, and found remarkably similar results. While there was significant support for multiculturalism and diverse communities (race issues don't seem to play a massive part in the political opinions of these young 'uns), there was far more emphasis on personal responsibility, and in particular fiscal responsibility, as well as national security.

These are the kids born from the ashes of the great recession. They saw their parents' lives go up in flames after borrowing big and throwing money away on shit they couldn't afford. Then they watched their Millennial siblings be shipped off to university with promises of a better life through education,

only to see them return home impoverished, saddled with debt and unable to find a job beyond the fry grill. Who would have thought employers weren't lining up to hire Gender Studies majors!

They've never known a world that didn't have the fat ugly threat of terrorism hanging heavily over their day-to-day lives – and they have no way to escape it, because they've only ever been perpetually plugged into the 24-hour news cycle that makes its coin off scaring the shit out of people. Which is probably why they are switching off traditional, mainstream media, which they have very little faith in, and tuning into independent YouTube commentators

to get their information. School shootings (a seemingly regular occurrence, at least in the US), high youth unemployment, budget cuts, dysfunctional governments and an increasingly corrupt democracy that offers little to no real alternative between two parties that more closely resemble the other with each passing year... it's got these kids a little jaded. So they're cautious, fearful even, and they are taking refuge in a conservative ideology that has progressives from older generations shaking in their Birkenstocks. Polling data from the latest US election has already shown a 5 per cent drop in young people voting Democrat (the US's left party option), a trend that Brauer believes is set to continue as more of Generation Z reach voting age.

So if you notice your kids scolding you on economic matters or acting more like your parents than your offspring – well maybe you have a Gen Z conservative on your hands. What should you do about it? Well, maybe ask them for financial planning and retirement advice. ❶



0110

POOLSIDE BABES THE BLACK LIGHT

ONE way to make a splash poolside is a well-performed double pike front flip! In fact, it won't make much of a splash at all if executed perfectly, but it will impress. Failing that, you could arrive poolside with a bunch of babes ready to get wet. That might work. Of course, it would be rude of us not to invite you along. Did somebody say cannonball?

Credits: Hair & Make-Up: Amarni X Bikinis: Wicked Weazel









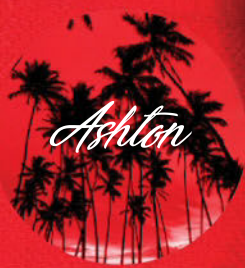














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INTERVIEW

ROBBIE PLAY ROBBIE

AUSSIE ACTRESS MARGOT ROBBIE ON LEARNING TO ICE SKATE LIKE A CHAMP, GROWING UP IN COUNTRY QUEENSLAND AND WHY LATELY SHE CHOOSES TO PLAY INTENSE CHARACTERS.

MARGOT Robbie delights in throwing herself into her performances. She once smacked Leonardo DiCaprio in the face while auditioning for *The Wolf of Wall Street*, she revelled in her character Harley Quinn's wicked behaviour on the set of *Suicide Squad*, and she recently got caught up in a violent argument with co-star Sebastian Stan while shooting *I, Tonya*, a biopic about the notorious American figure skater Tonya Harding. Robbie became so overwrought while filming the scene that she stormed off the set, screaming at Stan who plays Harding's ex-husband Jeff Gillooly.

"We got so carried away in this scene where we're having this massive fight and he slammed my hand against a door, and I think I even punched him in the side of the head," Robbie says. "It was such an incredible, intense argument that for a moment I forgot that I wasn't Tonya and he wasn't Jeff and I wasn't on a film set. Sebastian came running after me and asked me where I was going and I said I was going to the hospital because he had broken my hand in the fight [it wasn't broken – Ed.]... I forgot I was acting and nothing makes me more exhilarated when I genuinely forget where I am."

I, Tonya, which premiered to rave reviews at the recent Toronto International Film Festival, recounts the events surrounding how Harding's husband (Stan) arranged to have someone break rival skater Nancy Kerrigan's leg prior to the 1994 US Figure Skating Championships. Robbie spent four months learning to skate so that she would be able to mimic as many of the complex figure skating moves as possible.



In the meantime, Robbie is appearing in *Goodbye Christopher Robin*, the biographical drama directed by Simon Curtis (*My Week With Marilyn*) about acclaimed children's author and *Winnie the Pooh* creator A.A. Milne. The story focuses on Milne's relationship with his son, Christopher Robin, who became the basis for the child in the stories and his world of animal creatures. Robbie plays Milne's wife Daphne de Séincourt, who has a complicated relationship with the troubled author, who struggled with PTSD after serving as a Captain in the British Army during WWI.

"Had the most magical time shooting this. Trust me, you don't want to miss it," tweeted Robbie about her experience on the movie.

Meanwhile, she has recently completed work on *Mary Queen of Scots*, in which she plays Elizabeth I opposite Saoirse Ronan as Mary Stuart. The 27-year-old Queensland native married British filmmaker Tom Ackerley in December of last year after meeting him on the set of *Suite Française* in 2014.

Do you think *I, Tonya* will change people's perceptions about Tonya Harding or her role in the attack on her skating rival Nancy Kerrigan?

We didn't set out to make the film to change people's minds or make a particular statement about what happened surrounding the incident. The greater theme is truth, and there are so many different sides to a single story. I don't know if people will walk out of the theatre thinking that someone was in the right or the wrong, but people will appreciate that they didn't know the full story.

Did you get a chance to meet Tonya Harding before starting work on the film?

Yeah, I spent a couple of hours with her before we started shooting, [Aussie director] Craig [Gillespie] and myself did, and then that was it. But there's so much footage in the archives that we could reference and replicate in a lot of instances.

But I really did want to differentiate her as a person and the character I play in the film. I felt like if I spent too much time with her then I'd probably hold back when we were filming and I definitely didn't want to do that. It wouldn't be right for the character.

What was Harding like in the course of the brief time you spent with her discussing the incident? [Harding has always denied any involvement or advance knowledge of the attack on Kerrigan – Ed.]

She saw the film and she has been so gracious about it and was very complimentary about my skating. I personally would not want someone to distil my life into 140 pages, but she was very kind and appreciative of what we tried to pull off in the film. She was more worried about me and how I felt about playing her, which was rather surprising after all she has been through.

How much time did you spend working on your ice skating technique?

I spent about four months trying to learn as many of the moves and the kind of choreography that ice skaters perform during their routines. It was much more difficult than I imagined.

One big thing I found out was that the real challenge is making the skating look as effortless as possible, even though it's very

I'VE ALWAYS PUT A LOT OF EFFORT AND THOUGHT INTO THE KINDS OF ROLES AND PROJECTS I WANT TO BE PART OF



athletic and physically demanding. Skating is like ballet in that sense because it's that effortless quality that makes it look so beautiful and artistic.

Did you ever attempt to do some of the complicated jumps like the triple axel?

[Laughs] There was no way I could even attempt that – only six women in history, including Tonya Harding, have ever even landed the jump in competition. The best I could do was as many of the spins and artistic moves, but it takes years and years of practice to be able to pull off those jumps!

The relationship between Harding and her ex-husband [they were divorced at the time of the incident although they were still living together – Ed.] was very intense and complicated, wasn't it?

It was only while we were about a third of the way through shooting that the film took on a different quality for me. They had a bizarre relationship, but Sebastian [Stan] brought such humanity to Jeff that it turned the movie into a love story that overshadowed any of the other themes.

His performance made you believe that what he did was out of love for Tonya, even though that was very messed up. But it changed the nature of the story in a way that I hadn't expected.

What was the biggest impression about Harding and Kerrigan that you came away after making the film?

That it wasn't as black and white a story as the media made it out to be between Tonya and Nancy. In the eyes of the public, Tonya was made out to be the devil and Nancy was the angel, but that wasn't the case.

You've been playing a lot of intense characters lately,



particularly in *Suicide Squad* and now in *I, Tonya*. Where do you get that strength from?

My mum has been a great example for me. She was a single mother raising my brothers, my sister and me by herself, and we didn't make life easy for her. We were always fighting and she had to be a very strong woman to hold things together. She's amazing.

What was it like growing up on a farm in Queensland?

It was perfect for kids. My siblings and I went boar hunting and surfing, and I grew up learning more about agriculture and animal husbandry than you could imagine. It was not the kind of upbringing that you could ever have expected would lead anyone into acting.

So what inspired you to become an actress?

I have always had a wild imagination and I loved watching videos and pretending to be part of the kinds of adventures the characters would get to go on. I was always play acting as a kid and I would watch the same movies on video over and over again and would re-enact the scenes in front of my mum. She was a great audience, though, and she would wonder how I managed to remember all the lines!

I would also put on these little plays for my family and I would force everyone to pay one dollar for each performance! So I always understood the business angle of things. But even after taking an acting course, the idea of becoming an actress would have struck me as being just as likely as becoming an astronaut.

How did you get started in the business?

I had a job in a surf shop and around the corner a couple of guys were shooting this movie. By coincidence, one of them introduced me to an agent, and that led to a few guest roles on TV shows.

And then I was cast in *Neighbours* straight out of high school. That was my acting training camp. I would often have to learn up to 60 pages of dialogue in a week by heart and work five days a week and do 16- or 17-hour days. But it was the kind of experience I needed and it was a very important step for me.

Your colleagues have often said that even though you can be very light-hearted and congenial, you take your work and career very seriously. Would you agree?

I've always put a lot of effort and thought into the kind of roles and projects I want to be part of. I've had a very good team behind me, and for me it's always been important to be very strategic about my career. There's a lot of luck, but you also need an idea of what kind of career you want to pursue.

You work a lot and you've been living in London and the US for many years now. Do you ever get homesick for Australia?

I'm always homesick. But it's not the same as when I was 17 and moved to Melbourne and I didn't tell anyone. Now it's this feeling of not being part of all those crazy dinner conversations we would have. Whenever I go back home we get right back into it and we all trade stories about what's going on in our lives – it's surreal. ❶



THE REPORT

DICKED

DICK SMITH IS ON A MISSION TO DRASTICALLY CUT AUSTRALIAN IMMIGRATION. BUT DO THE FACTS BACK HIS ALARMING CLAIMS?
BY IAN LLOYD NEUBAUER

DICK Smith is pretty much the nicest person you'll ever meet. From helping ban cigarette ads that subliminally targeted teenagers in the '80s and forking out a quarter-of-a-million dollars for the ransom of an Australian photojournalist kidnapped in Somalia, to buying rows of houses for The Salvation Army, Smith has made a career out of helping other Aussies have a fair go. A recent Galaxy poll of the top 10 people most trusted to do what's best for the country put the former electronics retailer and entrepreneur in the number-one slot, ahead of magic-pants Hugh Jackman at number two and battle-hardened Governor-General Sir Peter Cosgrove in third place. >>

YET, for myself and millions of others who grew up glued to the television in the 1980s, Smith was more than a do-gooder. He was a man's man; a real-life Biggles who completed the first solo helicopter flight around the world, and the first person to fly a hot-air balloon across Australia. Think your photo wall of happy snaps from Bali is cool? Smith's is as big as a mural, made of poster-size colour prints that wallpaper the inside of a hangar that holds a kick-arse, six-seater chopper on his sprawling property in Sydney's north. "Now I use it to fly to the airport," he says. "Takes six minutes."

DICK'S THING

At first, Smith is exactly as he appears on TV: an intelligent, down-to-earth, loveable larrikin with a spring to his step that belies his 73 years of age. But within minutes of sitting down to discuss his cause célèbre – a radical cut to immigration to Australia – it appears Smith is nuts. Not ha-ha nuts like an old uncle who grabs your girlfriend's arse and shoots off racist gags. I mean dangerous-nuts like Donald Trump. Because, much like him, Smith has entrenched opinions forged in the 1950s about how the world should be. And like Trump, he has millions of dollars to burn on cheesy TV and newspaper ads to push his opinions onto an assuming public.

For the past few months, Smith has campaigned tirelessly to slash immigration from the current record levels (net overseas migration in the 2016–17 financial year was 257,000 people). And it's not because he doesn't like Muslims or refugees. He says he's pro-migration, but it's all about the numbers. Smith points out that Australia's population growth rate of 1.6 per cent is quite high compared to the global average of 0.3 per cent for developed countries. He says our net migration rate is more in line with that of Afghanistan and the poorest countries in Africa.

Smith is proposing net migration be limited to 70,000 per year – a figure in line with the long-term average. He says eight out of ten voters agree with him, and he promises to spend millions on ads until one of the major political parties adopts his agenda. "All my decisions are based on scientific evidence," he insists. "And the evidence shows that, when it comes to wealth per capita, eight of ten of the most successful countries in the world have less than 10 million people. Common sense says just about every problem we have is harder to fix with more people."

"What I'm saying is that infinite growth in a finite world is impossible. At the current rate, we'll have 100 million people by the turn of the next century, when my little granddaughter is still alive. And I'm concerned she'll look back and say, 'My grandfather Dick Smith was supposed to be a person of influence. He must have known that 100 million people in Australia would result in many people not having jobs. Why didn't he do anything about it?'"

DICK'S RANT

Smith has said his piece and now it's time for me, in my capacity as a journalist, to challenge his position.

I begin by questioning his claim that migration is responsible for rising property prices in Australia. I show him a study by the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) that concludes migrants have minimal impact on

"CRAP!" HE SHOUTS. "IF YOU BELIEVE THE GREEDY INSTITUTIONS, WE'LL END UP WITH A TRILLION PEOPLE HERE – A TRILLION."



housing prices. I present figures from the Australian Bureau of Statistics that show 70 per cent of migrants in Australia either live with friends or rent, and others that show Australians are living longer than ever before.

I go on, sharing mainstream economic theory that explains how record-low interest rates, investor-friendly tax concessions such as negative gearing, and the undersupply of dwellings over the past decade are responsible for high property prices in Australia. If migration has had an impact, it's been marginal. But before I've even finished, Smith explodes like a jack-in-the-box.

"LIES! They're all LIES. I can't believe it! You've been conned by the GREEDY. Their greed is UNLIMITED! Remember when [former Foreign Minister and NSW Premier] Bob Carr said to the billionaires, 'When will enough be enough?' And I said to Bob, 'Never. Their greed is unlimited. They know you cannot have perpetual growth in a finite world.' But they lie – that document you have is full of LIES!"

Smith turns and barks an order at the secretaries hiding behind dividers in the room outside his office. "Can you grab him that book?"

A doting middle-aged secretary appears. She hands El dictador a book, which he then hands to me in a manner that suggests it will answer all my questions. Not surprisingly, his name is on the cover: *Dick Smith's Population Crisis*. I promise to read it later, along with another book, plus brochures, printouts and reading materials he unloads on me throughout the interview.

Next, I take Smith to task about comments he made that suggest migration increases traffic. Seconds later, I wish I hadn't.

"CRAP!" he shouts. "If you believe the greedy institutions, we'll end up with a trillion people here – a TRILLION. But no, don't close your mind; these people who are writing these documents are DELUDED, because when we get to a trillion people they'll say, 'We agree with you, Dick, but we want to make another billion dollars!'"

What Smith might be saying is that population growth is



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POPULATION FACTS AND FIGURES

- Australia ranked 90th out of 233 countries in a report by the UN Population Division that compared population growth rate over the past decade.
- In the year ending June 2017, net overseas migration in Australia was 257,000 people, according to the Department of Immigration and Border Protection. That's way down from the 300,000 peak we had at the end of the mining boom in 2008–09.
- Australia's current growth pattern will lead to a population of 38 million in 2051 – 12 million above projections from the 1990s.
- 85 per cent of overseas immigrants choose to live in Sydney or Melbourne.
- Net overseas migration generated a little over half (56%) of population growth in recent years. Natural increase has been responsible for the remainder, at about 157,000 people per year.
- Australia's fertility rate is relatively healthy, at 1.9 babies per woman.
- Australia has one of the highest life expectancies in the world.
- Optimal net migration rate for Australia is 160,000 to 220,000. Dick Smith reckons it should be 70,000.
- Australia's current population growth rate is 1.6 per cent, according to the Australian Bureau of Statistics. Dick Smith says it's 1.78 per cent.
- Smith started Dick Smith Electronics in 1968 with an investment of \$610. He sold it to Woolworths in the early 1980s for \$25 million. Before it collapsed in 2016, the company had 3300 employees.
- Dick Smith bought his first house in Sydney for \$32,000 in the 1970s. He thinks it's every Australian's "right" to own a house with a backyard.
- In the early 1990s, the typical Australian home cost 2.5 times the disposable income of the average Australian household. Now, that figure is at a record high of 5.1.
- Over the past decade, Australian housing construction has lagged demand by 50,000 to 100,000 dwellings per year.



"THERE IS NO EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT DICK SMITH'S FIGURE OF 70,000 AS THE OPTIMAL FIGURE," SHE SAYS. "IT COULD VERY WELL MAKE THINGS WORSE"

in the vested interests of wealthy industrialists and elites, because it means there are more people to sell stuff to. But his message is drowned in a blithering mess of random facts and figures, disjointed anecdotes without clear beginnings or endings and crazy conspiracy theories. Then he has a go at me.

"Why are you doing this? God, I REALLY feel sorry for you. You have been SO manipulated, I love it! IT'S CRAP. You have been COMPLETELY manipulated. If you think the traffic problem is not coming from population growth, then you have to ask the question: where is it coming from?"

I suggest congestion in Australian cities is a result of poor town planning and shitty public transport. Until now, Smith's behaviour has been akin to that of a petulant child. Now, it descends into a theatre of the absurd. "Can you grab my pitchfork?" he yells at his secretaries. Moments later, another victim appears holding two plastic pitchforks. She hands them to her boss, who waves them in the air while grinning maniacally at me.

I get it. He's playing devil's advocate. But it's so bloody cringe-worthy, I have to look away. Here's a man who made the first-ever helicopter flight to the North Pole waving a plastic pitchfork in the air while spewing crap about jumbo jets. "Five jumbos a week that land full here of immigrants and fly out empty. FIVE! How are you going to provide for all of them?" he demands.

"I don't know," is all I can muster.

THE DICK SMACKDOWN

The following day, I speak with Liz Allen, a demographer and social researcher from Australian National University. Allen refused to comment on whether or not Smith was nuts. But she had some interesting things to say about his methodology and conclusions.

"The idea that Australia is full is somewhat nonsensical," she says. "Yes, we can look at Sydney and Melbourne and see examples of population pressure. But that is not due to migration – that's due to infrastructure failure. Australia needs

to be smarter about how its people live and commute in the future, and for that we need technological advancements."

I then ask Allen the million-dollar question: what would happen if we do like Smith says and cut net migration to 70,000?

"There is no evidence to support Dick Smith's figure of 70,000 as the optimal figure," she says. "It could very well make things worse because, like much of the developed world, Australia increasingly relies on migrants to offset the adverse consequences of an ageing population. The evidence shows that a net overseas migration of 160,000 to 220,000 per year is the optimal figure. If we cut that figure drastically to 70,000, we would start to lose the benefits of migration. We'd lose out on a lot of the young people who pay taxes that fund the pension and other kinds of government spending."

Next, I contact Peter McDonald, a professor of demography at The University of Melbourne and deputy director of the ARC Centre of Excellence in Population Ageing Research. He's also the guy the Commonwealth Government hired to lead the research team that figured out Australia's optimal net migration figure.

"Yes, 160,000 to 220,000 is the optimal range of migrants needed to maximise our GDP per capita over the next 50 years," McDonald says. "When immigration is within this range, we can balance the population's age structure, because immigration makes the population younger."

"By cutting immigration to 70,000," he warns, "it would be a bit problematic for the economy. If you add up the number of family reunion migrations, which are largely spouses, and you add the refugee intake, the number comes to about 70,000. And that means we will have near zero skilled migration and large skill shortages in the workplace."

Is it possible, I ask McDonald, that he bungled the numbers?

"We've done this exercise for the government three times and come up with much the same answer on each occasion," he says. "It's the accepted optimal figure."

BEHIND THE DICK

So what's Smith's game? Why is a man who has dedicated his life to developing this country now pushing an unsubstantiated, ill-conceived and downright harebrained plan that experts say will make Australians worse off?

Smith says he's doing it because he loves Australia. And there's no doubting that. But what he loves even more is being the centre of attention and terrifying the shit out of his poor secretaries. "Can you grab one of those advertisements we've just done? Where's my story in *The Australian*?" he yells at another damsel in distress while walking me towards the door.

Smith has always been cheeky and bombastic. That's why we love him. But on this occasion, he is anything but loveable. His 70,000 net migration figure is a derivative of nostalgia from an age when every Aussie bloke with a job at the power plant could afford a quarter-acre block with a fibro home. Not to mention it's worlds away from the thankless, fiddly work of serious demographers our government uses to fine-tune immigration policy.

And the saddest part is Smith knows all of this. He just doesn't care, because the limelight feels good. "I can tell it's going to be a terrible article," is the last thing he says to me. ❶



SIZE MATTERS

DICK SMITH IS AN AUSSIE ICON, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO IMMIGRATION, WELL, HE'S A BIT OF A...
BY STEPHEN CORBY

SERIOUSLY, what is wrong with old people? And will whatever it is afflict us all eventually? Because, if that's the case, I think we should start putting people down at retirement age – you know, like compulsory euthanasia.

There are too many candidates who spring to mind, but let's start with Donald Trump. Here's a man who cares so little about the future of mankind (partly because most of us can't vote for him), he refuses to accept that military grade weapons, climate change, neo-Nazism, rampant pussy grabbing, casual racism and prolific lying are all bad things.

Oh, how we laugh at him all the way down here in Australia. But we, too, have a long, loud line-up of old men just as stupid, selfish and myopic. Step forward, Dick Smith. Here's a 73-year-old man of the people trying to run a campaign of anti-immigration that would probably get him elected to the US Senate in any number of southern US states, based on the spurious claim that Australia is full.

The problem with this Japanese example is that they're pretty damned racist and not exactly pro-immigration either – you can't really call Tokyo a cultural melting pot.

That award goes to New York (which also manages to run an insanely efficient transport system 24/7, despite a population of 8.5 million, or double Sydney's). Here's a city so fantastically diverse it's considered the capital of the world. Not to mention the fact it's famously represented by a statue offering refuge to the poor, huddled masses. Its decades of immigration, on a scale that dwarfs Australia's efforts, have hardly turned the Big Apple sour.

Blaming others for the failings of your country, rather than pointing the finger squarely where it belongs (at successive governments who've lined their pockets with developers' cash and helped them get rich on real estate instead of investing in infrastructure we're so sadly lacking) is hardly new.

Just that Dick's (a) real good at it, and (b) so far wrong, you could argue that what Australia actually

EVEN THE MOST CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE WITH LOGIC WILL TELL US DICK'S OUTLOOK IS ABSURD, WITHOUT EVEN DIPPING INTO THE KINDS OF THINGS HE FINDS ANNOYING – LIKE FACTS.

Little Dick thinks all our economic woes would be fixed by reducing immigration, despite the fact that we already let in a woeful number of refugees, have one of the lowest people-per-square-kilometre ratios, and a population in which one in four were born overseas. (Frankly, without immigrants we wouldn't exist, let alone be able to form a parliament.) Even the most casual acquaintance with logic will tell us Dick's outlook is absurd, without even dipping into the kinds of things he finds annoying – like facts.

Let's start with a few places that laugh in the face of his claims, like Tokyo, London and New York. Is Tokyo full, Dick, with its estimated population of 36 million? Crowded, yes, but full? Not on your life. It's far more efficient to get around there than in Sydney, Melbourne or even Wollongong, because it's run by a government who understands the importance of infrastructure spending and perfectionism, rather than ignorant and misguided exceptionalism.

needs is *more* skilled migrants, and a helluva lot more compassion. Just ask the UN what it thinks of our attitude towards refugees.

Visit a country like China or India and you'll see what *real* overcrowding looks like. Global overpopulation is a real problem, it's true, but it's not one Australia's suffering yet. What we've got is two cities that make up around 40 per cent of our population, and they're heaving under the strain. We have hundreds of regional towns, like Albury, or cities like Canberra and Adelaide, that could easily be expanded to accommodate more people. And we have the levers of government that would allow us to settle people who want to live in this country, in those areas, and let them grow accordingly.

As for Dick Smith, he can go live in some place where his views will be welcome. I'm sure Trump would love to appoint him as his Minister for No Immigration At All, Like, Ever. **1**



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WHICH IS THE SMARTER PHONE OPTION?

OUR lives are increasingly defined by screen time. Between taking endless photos and videos, watching shit, listening to shit, sending and receiving messages, navigating, tracking the weather and your health, and using it as an alarm clock, the capabilities of your phone are absurd. Not to mention the work emails, Facebook events and Tinder scrolling. Oh yeah, and if you need to make a call, it can do that too. We live in a world where your phone is your most highly valued and regularly used tool. So it's no surprise that you'd want the best one.

The thing with phone brands is that people generally just stick to what they know. If you're a Samsung guy, you're probably just going to get another Samsung. Apple people tend to stick with iPhones. But if you adhered to this theory forever you'd still be playing Snake on your Nokia 3310. Have a squiz at the best phone options in 2017 – you might find that changing brands isn't so scary after all.

> SAMSUNG GALAXY S8/S8+

TECH SPECS:

- 5.8-inch/6.2 inch, AMOLED, quad-HD Infinity Display
- Samsung Exynos 8895 CPU and 4GB of RAM
- 64GB storage, 3000mAh/3500mAh

This is the phone that everyone's raving about at the moment. It's got IP68 water and dust resistance, so you could literally have it submerged in the pool or beach for up to 30 minutes and it's still going to be fine. All it needs is a rinse with fresh water and a towel down afterwards. The S8 also has a solid battery life and, as you'd expect with any high-end phone, top-quality cameras, a lightning-fast processor and a crisp display. The screen is AMOLED glass, so it's a sturdy piece of gadgetry. If you like to be able to do stuff with one hand try the S8, otherwise the S8+ is the big fella and better for watching videos.

* If you're willing to wait, the S9 is due to hit the market in May 2018 and there are rumours that it will have a dual camera, facial recognition and be water resistant.

> APPLE IPHONE 8/8 PLUS

TECH SPECS:

- 4.7-inch/5.5-inch Retina HD display with True Tone
- IP67 water-resistance
- 12MP dual cameras
- Stereo speakers
- iOS 11

The freshest iPhone to hit the shelves has a new dual-camera feature, which makes it the top dog in terms of photo and video capturing abilities. The other big drawcard with this phone is its ability to charge wirelessly, which sounds both wildly futuristic and super convenient. Of course it's an Apple product, so it's got a sharp, colour-accurate screen with user-friendly display settings that even your grandma could figure out. It's also water resistant, but the biggest drawback is that it doesn't have a headphone jack, which means you have to use a converter – pretty annoying.

> GOOGLE PIXEL/PIXEL XL

TECH SPECS:

- 12.3MP rear camera
- 5-inch AMOLED display/5.5-inch quad-HD display
- Snapdragon 821, 4GB RAM
- Google Assistant

The folks at Google know what's up when it comes to internetting, and it turns out they don't pull any punches with phones either. It may not have wireless charging or water resistance, but it comes with the new Google Assistant, which is an AI, kind of like Siri, that searches the web for whatever you need. And with a reliable battery life, a processing system called 'Snapdragon 821' and a 12.3-megapixel rear camera, it's a pretty strong competitor with the Apples and Samsungs.

> HTC U11

TECH SPECS:

- 5.5-inch quad-HD display
- IP67 water-resistance
- 12MP rear camera
- USB-C headphones included
- BoomSound speaker

Everybody likes a wildcard, and this model from HTC works extra hard to compete with the big dogs. For starters, it's got a built-in BoomSound speaker, a water-resistant body and a sleek HD display. There's no headphone jack but at least they've thought to include a decent set of USB-C earbuds. And apparently this phone has the best microphones in the business, which means the voice recognition technology is really good at picking up your requests, even in noisy areas. It's also got Edge Sense squeeze controls, which allow you to squeeze the phone for shortcuts to certain apps. **1**

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IN FOCUS WITH HAMISH CROCKER

VARIETY is the spice of life. Yeah, it's an old cliché, but as usual, there's truth in it. This shoot is shot across multiple locales – from rockfaces pinned against coastal backdrops, to industrial concrete pipes, to graffiti covered urban alleyways. What we're saying is that it has variety. There is one consistent element, though – the girls. They're all incredible. Don't believe us? Take a look for yourself...





IN terms of career paths you can take in life, there are few as satisfying as photographing naked women. You're essentially a modern day explorer, spending your time travelling from one exotic location to another, and at the end of each rainbow lies a pot of gold, or in this case, a scantily clad babe. Sounds pretty good to us, and to be fair, it looks even better.

The great Greek philosopher Aristotle once said, "In all things of nature there is something of the marvellous." The ancient Greeks were typically a pretty sexually liberal bunch – maybe in slightly different ways to us, but we still think old Ari, if given the chance to view this shoot in all its natural glory, would approve.

At *Penthouse* we love nature. We even have one of those indoor plants – the ones that you water once and then never again – sitting on a window sill, peering down at us thirstily while we put these words and images together for your enjoyment. After seeing this shoot, we were so excited by plants we actually gave it a much needed drink. The power of nature! It would appear our fondness for all things green is shared by Hamish Croker, a self-professed fan of the "coastal lifestyle." When he's not dealing in cityscapes, it's the great outdoors; where tranquillity and the peaceful ambience of nature flows freely, along with, ahem... other things.

The beauty of the natural world lies in the detail, so look a little closer, a little harder, and you might just see it. See it? Well done. ❶

EQUIPMENT:

CAMERA BODY: CANON 760D
LENSES: KIT 18-55MM &
 55-250MM, 28MM, 28-200MM,
 50MM, 65MM 1-5X MACRO
LIGHTS: LUPOLUX DAYLED 1000S
POST PRODUCTION: APPLE
EVERYTHING



















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leaving out for Santa.



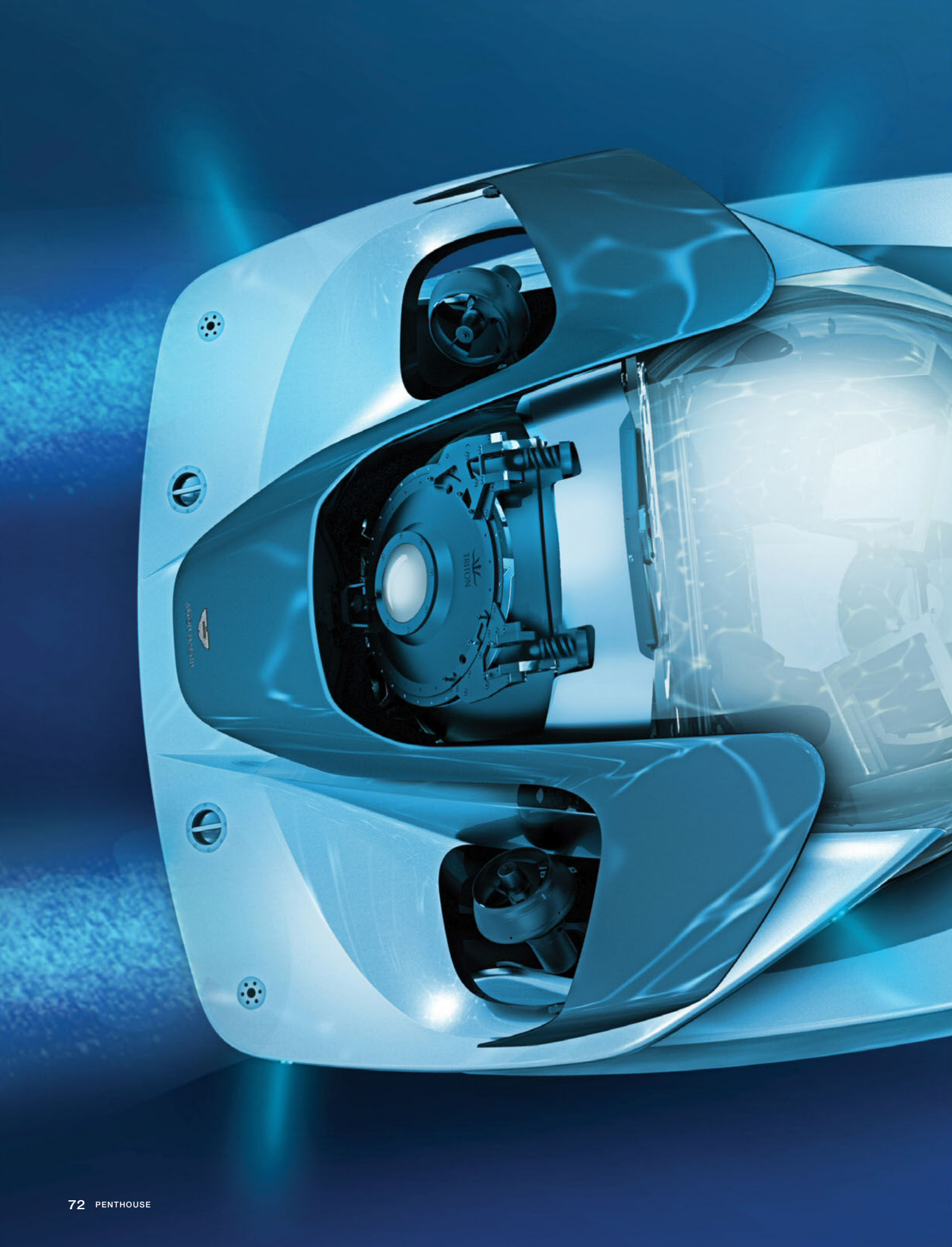
An aerial photograph showing a group of approximately 12 white sailboats arranged in a circular pattern on a vibrant turquoise sea. The water's surface is textured with white foam and darker patches of coral or rocks visible beneath. The sailboats are of various sizes, with some featuring colorful sails and deck equipment. In the center of the circle, there are several colorful inflatable rings and other small floating objects.

HL

HIGH LIFE

LEISURE OR PLAY?

WHETHER YOU'RE LOOKING TO KICK BACK AND RELAX, OR KICK IT UP
A NOTCH WITH THE BOYS, WE'VE GOT THE HOTTEST DESTINATIONS
AROUND THE WORLD RIGHT NOW.





PROJECT NEPTUNE

ASTON MARTIN SUB

IN partnership with Floridian submersibles outfit Triton, Aston Martin have decided to expand its range with an underwater vehicle that's worthy of the double-winged badge, famously favoured by the fictional James Bond. While Roger Moore's Bond technically already had a sub in the 1977 instalment *The Spy Who Loved Me*, it was a heavily modified and highly impossible Lotus Esprit.

This, however takes its cues from Aston's current supercar named the Valkyrie, and features the sharp angles and soft lines endemic to all of their vehicles. While it won't come cheap, the fact they're collaborating with a manufacturer already known for kick-arse personal subs makes this a lot more than just a concept. If you're a shark, expect to see rich motherfuckers zooming past you very soon.

FAST FACTS

NAME: PROJECT NEPTUNE

COST: ESTIMATED BETWEEN \$4 AND \$8 MILLION (YET TO BE ANNOUNCED)

CAPACITY: THREE PEOPLE

CAN ANYBODY DRIVE? YES. IT COMES WITH A FOUR-WEEK TRAINING COURSE

DEPTH: 1000 METRES BELOW SEA LEVEL

SOUND SYSTEM: BANG & OLUFSEN

TRIM: IT'S AN ASTON MARTIN, SO EXPECT PLENTY OF LEATHER AND PIANO BLACK FINISHES

MIGALOO PRIVATE SUBMERSIBLE

THE Everly Brothers may have sung “all I have to do is dream”, but they probably weren’t aiming quite this high. Or deep, rather. While some designers live in reality, others, like CEO of Austrian marine design dreamers Migaloo, focus on the future and dream big. Very big.

Starting with the M2, a cheeky little 72-metre-long sub that has bar and restaurant facilities for up to 36 guests, anyone willing to fork out the obvious billions for one of these can choose from a variety of options and layouts. There’s also the 135-metre M5 for up to 65 guests, the 160-metre M6 for added luxury or, the big kahuna, the 3500 sq. metre, 283 metre-long M7.

Oh, and they’re also seeking expressions of interest to see if anybody wants a private, custom-built floating island (or why not get the matching set?) Their Kokomo island concept features a private owner’s penthouse (hey, that’s the name of our magazine!) pitched 80 metres above sea level, a jungle deck with vertical gardens and palm trees, shark-feeding station (actually) and an outdoor cinema.

Named after the famous white whale that visits the east coast of Australia every season, the Migaloo has detailed everything you could imagine in their designs, and it looks like they mean business. Now - who has a spare few billion?





LUXURY EVENT

THE YACHT WEEK

EVER lusted for the opulent freshness provided by salty ocean spray on your face, gliding across the Aegean on a fully-kitted sailboat, but don't have a spare million lying around for your own vessel? Yeah, us too. Luckily, the good people over at The Yacht Week make this a reality for blokes like us every year.

With beers, beaches and babes aplenty, The Yacht Week is your ticket to seven days on your own luxury sailing vessel, which cuts a path through some of the most visually kickass routes

Europe has to offer (Greece, Croatia, Italy and Montenegro are the current options). Held during the summer months, you can book an entire boat for up to 12 peeps or just a 2-person cabin on a shared boat (though they are strict on equal numbers of boys and girls and hey – rightly so. Nobody likes a sausage fest). You can also choose how much you want to shell out, with economy to premium options available, depending on how crazy you want to go.

The guys know that your primary focus is to get lit, so each yacht comes

with its own skipper allowing you to focus on relaxing to the max; dozens of yachts make this excursion together, so you'll meet plenty of like-minded folk (and did we mention the babes?) Yachts make pit-stops along the way so you can stock up on whatever you need and party in the local nightclubs, and then there's the 'raft', when up to 50 boats are tied together in a giant donut and everybody jumps in and swims in the middle.

Between AU \$3,000 and \$20,000, depending on how you want to sail. www.theyachtweek.com for more info.



RETREAT SEMINYAK

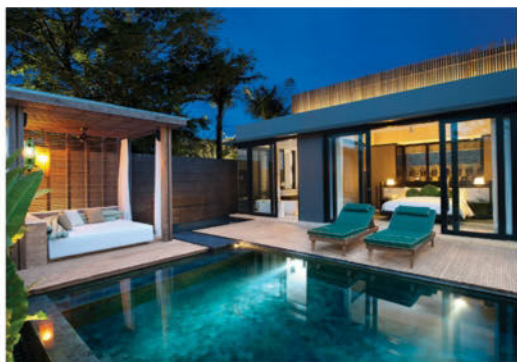
AN escape to Bali is a bucket-list getaway for millions of people worldwide. But amidst the time spent dealing with street hawkers, marketplace tucker and absorbing the culture, it's also a great place to visit for some of the most luxurious resorts you'll ever find.

W Hotels are The Marriott's newest brand and are a hell of a lot of fun (the W literally stands for "Whatever, Whenever", a motto that's part of the staff DNA – they're always on hand to make sure you're never without a cocktail, spa treatment or fresh towel.)

In Seminyak, W Hotel is a place to break away from the masses of tourists and treat yourself to some 'you' time.

Whether you're cashed up or after a bargain, there's a room for you, from a suite that'll set you back less than a pineapple, to a villa so epic that you and seven friends get your own private pool for a little over AU \$2k.

Looking to get out of Sydney for NYE? (we are), which is why we'll be spending ours at W Hotel in Seminyak, the perfect place if you want to beat those crazy city crowds, opting to kick back and relax instead.







**SMOOTH, ELEGANT, AUSTRALIAN;
STRAIT, FROM TASMANIA**

INTERNATIONAL AWARD-WINNING SPIRITS SINCE 2006

BOTTLED AT SOURCE IN 2018



LUXURY ON THE GO

EXCLUSIVE ESCAPES

» AYANA RESORT & SPA, BALI

The first thing you'll notice when you settle into AYANA is the deep sense of relaxation. Stepping into the open-air reception is calming enough, but you'll particularly like the surrounding 90 hectares of tropical gardens and mesmerising coastline of Jimbaran Bay. If you're feeling like a tippie (you will be), the Rock Bar is a great place for a drink, then you can stroll over to the private beach, which we recommend you take advantage of.

We like this place so much the Penthouse team will be staying here over the Christmas break. Rates for a one-bedroom ocean view pool villa start from US\$700 per night, which includes a US\$50 spa/dining voucher applicable for direct booking only.

ayanaresort.com.





HERMITAGE BAY



ST REGIS PRINCEVILLE



IMANTA PUNTA DE MITA

» HERMITAGE BAY, ANTIGUA

This place is as close to paradise as you'll likely find on Earth or beyond. The location alone has 'wow' factor, but when coupled with amazing service, delicious food and penthouse rooms, you can't go wrong.

Prices start from around US \$1200 a night, plus the obvious expense involved in getting somewhere so remote – but that's the point, right? Bonus points if you charter a seaplane. hermitagebay.com.

» ST REGIS PRINCEVILLE, KAUAI

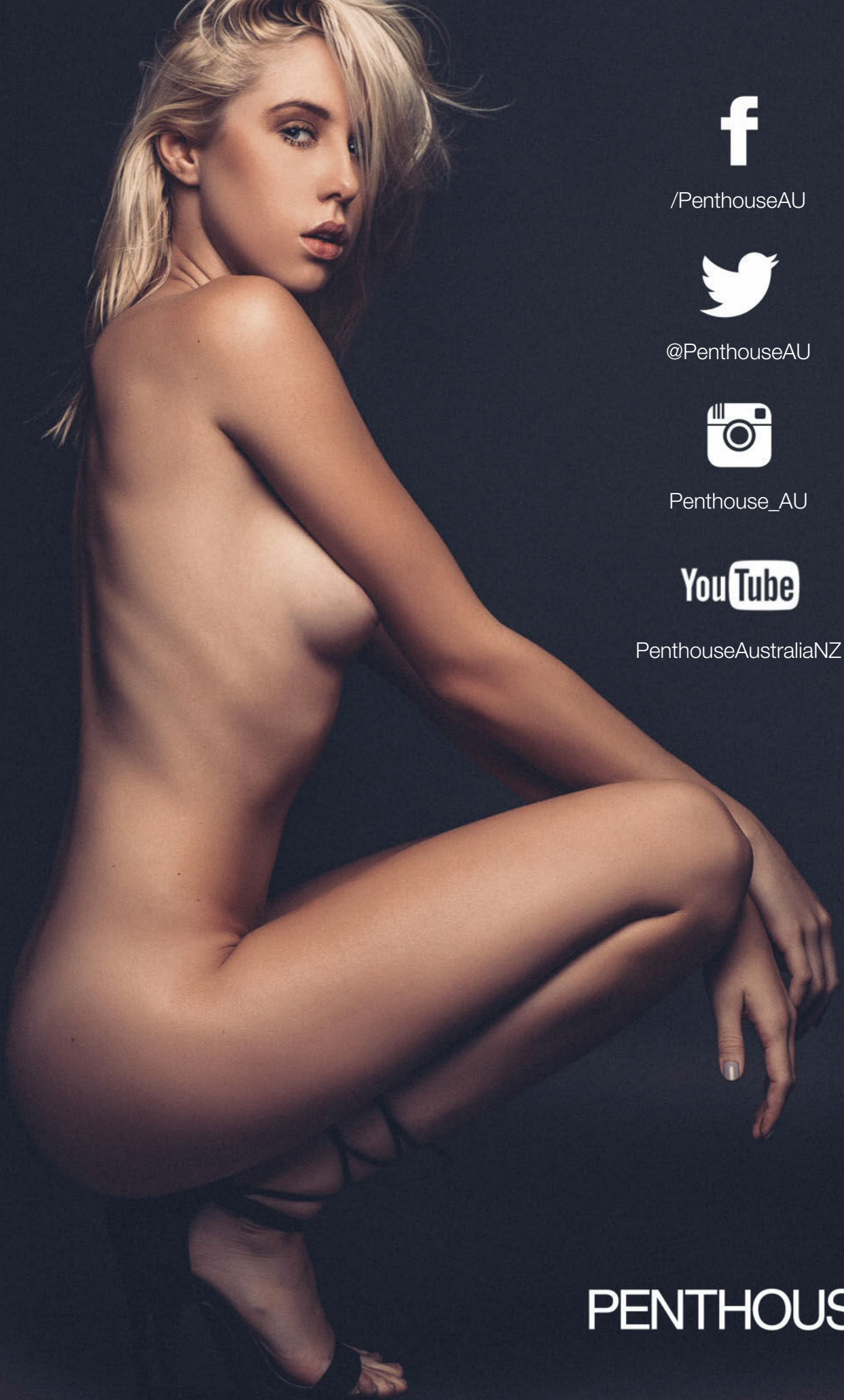
Hawaii may be a great holiday spot as it is, but the rich and famous venture further abroad to the more private islands when it's time to say aloha (goodbye) to their stresses and say (hello) to some peace and tranquillity.

Prices start from around US \$600 for an ocean-view room with a king bed, but you can go all the way up to the 167 square-metre Presidential Suite if you so desire – and if that's not enough, the Royal Suite comes with its own butler. Mahalo indeed. stregisprinceville.com.

» IMANTA PUNTA DE MITA, MEXICO

Whatever Narcos-esque images your mind conjures up upon hearing the word "Mexico" are undone here. Located close to an airport but completely secluded from the rest of the world by thick jungle, Imanta Resort in the fishing village of Punta de Mita on Mexico's west coast is a sight to behold, and a favourite escape for North American elites who need a quick getaway without going too far.

Suites start at US \$900 for one night, and skyrocket to US \$4000 for a private Casona with all the trimmings. They even have the most luxuriously appointed treehouse you'll ever see, and probably never get to stay in either. imantaresorts.com.



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LUXURY BEVERAGES

FESTIVE SUMMER COCKTAILS

NEXT time you find yourself sitting on a remote tropical island looking out over the glistening, warm waters, shaded beneath palm trees with your sandy feet hanging over the edge of your day bed, the smell of massage oil in your nostrils, thinking, "This is alright, but I want to kick it up a notch, what should I do?" You should have a bit of booze on hand. Add a tipples of alcohol to that magical island sunset and things get even more magical.

1. TOMMY'S MARGARITA JUG

There is a reason why the margarita is considered a classic the world over. It takes just three ingredients to make this party starter, and it's delicious. For sure people are going to be coming back for seconds, so you might as well make a whole jug, or two, in preparation. The beauty with this recipe is, once you know the parts, you can make as much as you want!

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 part agave or simple syrup
- 2 parts lime juice
- 3 parts tequila

Shake all the ingredients together and strain into a chilled glass.

2. HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU KID GIN

Looking for a refreshing and light summer drink with summery notes, perfect for a hot summers day? HLAYK are a locally run family business that distils gins and vodkas and its latest offering is touted as the gin to give this Christmas.

INGREDIENTS:

- 120 ml Xmas Gin
- 40 ml Creme de Cassis
- 300 ml Prosecco
- 120 ml Grapefruit juice
- 8 mint leaves
- Hand full of blueberries
- 1 strawberry chopped
- 1 passionfruit chopped

Mix all the ingredients in a tall glass, stir and serve.

3. STRAWBERRY HEAT BEATER

Capture the true taste of summer with this berry-infused spirit that's ideal for the ladies or that one mate who has a more 'delicate' palate. It's fun, fruity and a perfect refreshment for a hot day. Whoever said laughter is the best medicine obviously never tried gin.

INGREDIENTS:

- 45 ml Strait Strawberry Gin
- 15 ml lemon juice
- 1 strawberry
- basil leaves

Add strawberry and two basil leaves in glass, muddle and add over ice. Mix all ingredients, stir and serve with mint garnish.

4. ONYX ESPRESSO MARTINI COCKTAILS

The espresso martini is the ultimate pick-up drink. No, it won't help you 'pick-up' but it will 'pick you up' and get you buzzing quicker than you can say, delicious! Onyx Espresso Martini contains no preservatives and no additives, it is a truly unaltered speciality coffee-cocktail experience. Simply chill, shake and drink.

*RRP: \$35.00 4 pack.
\$99.00 per case of 12*

8 MUST-HAVES FOR YOUR BEACH PAD

1. WEBER JUMBO JOE

An outdoor charcoal barbie is a necessity – Weber have long made the best ones around. Built to last, they're also perfect for smoking.
weberbbq.com.au – RRP: A \$169



1.

2. SLUSHY MACHINE

Using your blender a little too often? Time to put your excellent margarita recipe on tap? Problem solved.
katom.com – RRP: \$2,600



2.

3. KEG MASTER GRAND DELUXE

What's better than tapping your own keg for a party by the sea? Tapping two, duh. Keg Master make setting up professional beer lines a cinch, so you can spend less time with a spanner in your hand and more time sipping frothies.
kegking.com.au – RRP: \$2,099

4. KITCHENAID BLENDER

Strictly for Piña Coladas (and maybe the occasional Margarita), every beach house needs a blender on hand for frozen cocktails at any hour.
williams-sonoma.com.au – RRP: AU \$279

5. COR SURF MULTI WALL RACK

It doesn't matter if you're Kelly Slater himself or a rookie shark biscuit, make sure you have surfboards at the ready in your beachside casa.
surfboards.com – RRP: \$110

6. ICE SHOT GLASSES

Every party loves a shot, right? Never run out with these shot glass ice-moulds from Fred. You can freeze up as many as you like and enjoy chilled shooters until you're out cold yourself.
fredandfriends.com - RRP: \$15

7. LA MER SPF50+ SUNSCREEN

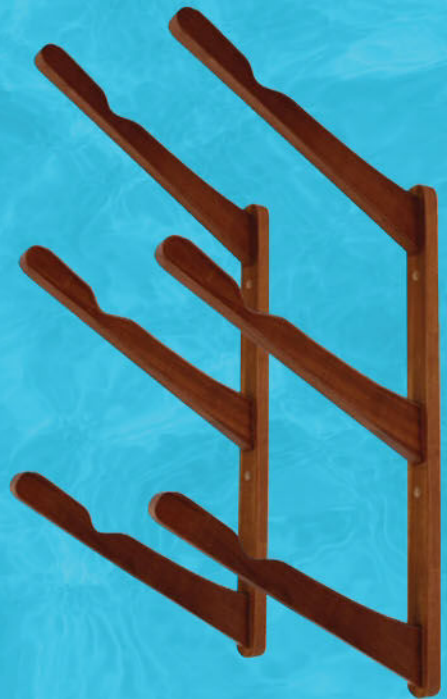
If you're going to keep sunscreen on hand (and in a beach house it's kind of a given) then make sure you've got the best. La Mer's products are famous for being very high quality with a price to match.
cremedelamer.com - RRP: US \$95



3.



4.



5.



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7.

8

VOLLRATH STOELTING SOFT SERVE MACHINE

Set your pad apart from the rest with something you never knew that you always needed.

Soft-serve on demand is the party-dropping appliance that'll bring out your inner Mister Whippy *whipcrack*.

webstaurantstore.com

RRP \$2,110



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SUMMER VIBES JESSICA NELSON

THE beach is our favourite place to be once the summer heat hits. Besides the sun, sand and refreshing water, it's by far the best place to show off your beach-bod. You did remember to hit the gym and get those abs ready, right? Well, at least our cover model Jessica definitely didn't forget – she looks hotter than the sun on a 40 degree day. Speaking of which, thankfully Jessie didn't let the UV rays stop her from stripping off and going for a dip.





FIRST, congrats on making it as our Penthouse cover girl. How does it feel?

Amazing. My hard work and dedication to my career in modelling is finally paying off. This was always at the top of the list, and I've achieved it. It's hard to believe!

You obviously keep yourself in shape. Do you have any secrets you can share?

No secrets here. I train at least once or twice a day and I always have a rest day or two. I'm always mixing it up so I have fun doing it. I eat clean but no strict diets. Life's too short. If I want a burger I'm going to eat it! My training style doesn't consist of long boring weight or treadmill sessions. I mix it up with Ankor, ZUU, boxing, kick-boxing and HIIT [High Intensity Interval Training].

You're stranded on a desert island. You can choose three items to have with you. What are they?

My two dogs and a bottle of wine!

What's your favourite summer cocktail?

It has to be a mojito.

What's your favourite summer holiday destination?

Anywhere the sun is shining where I can find a quiet beach and a party in the streets.

What do you look for in a guy?

A big personality! He has to be able to handle me and have fun. A best friend, really.

Would you rather fight 100 duck-sized horses, or one horse-sized duck?

100 tiny horses. A giant duck would be so scary.

Tell us about the shoot?

Absolutely amazing. We began at Icebergs and then headed to Birdie Beach which is a nudist beach, so that was a little different. The shoot on the beach was incredible, as were the team – photographer Jason Ierace is insane! This is the sexiest I have ever felt on a shoot.

What's next on the cards?

The sky is the limit. I will keep working on my career and hope that more incredible opportunities like this come along. 📸

Instagram: @Jessica__nelson__

Photography: Jason Ierace

HMU: Armarni X

Swimwear: Wicked Weasle











01/18







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FEATURE

MONKS VS ISIS

FATHER COLUMBA STEWART IS AN
AMERICAN BENEDICTINE MONK
FIGHTING TO PROTECT ANCIENT RELICS
FROM DESTRUCTION
BY MATTEO FAGOTTO

JERUSALEM – At midmorning, as the sun shines high on the whitewashed stone houses of the world's holiest city, a tall, lean figure dressed in a black religious habit slips through the narrow alleys of the *souq*, confidently navigating them as if he's lived here forever. "This place has always had a special significance for me," explains this 60-year-old American Benedictine monk, stopping in front of an iron door surmounted by a stone arch. "I always try to carve out some free time when I come here." ►►



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INFORMER



As he enters the gate of Saint Mark's Syrian Orthodox monastery, Father Columba Stewart is greeted warmly by a group of monks sitting around a white plastic table. After some small talk and a few sips of cardamom coffee, a frail, bearded man leads him up a few ramps of stairs through a white-panelled door surmounted by a cross, and into a dusty room. Placed in wooden cabinets are rows of priceless manuscripts dating back to the 6th–7th century AD, some of them containing texts by Holy fathers of Christianity such as Saint Cyril, who presided over the Ephesus Universal Synod in 431. Columba carefully opens one of them, lingering over the elegant calligraphy of its yellowed pages. "Isn't it beautiful?" he says, his eyes gleaming in admiration.

Written in Syriac, the language of the oldest Christian communities of the Middle East, they are just a small portion of the more than 50,000 Christian and Muslim manuscripts Columba and his co-workers have managed to save in the past 14 years. This resolute, soft-spoken man is the head of the Hill Museum & Manuscript Library (HMML), a non-profit organisation based at Saint John's Abbey and University in Collegeville, Minnesota, and he is dedicated to the digital preservation of endangered manuscripts around the world. HMML has been active in the field since 1965, and nowadays it hosts the world's largest collection of images of manuscripts, made of more than 140,000 samples saved on microfilm and in digital format.

learn how to live together again," explains Columba. "If we don't find deeper affinities, we'll always be stuck on our superficial differences. We will remain afraid and suspicious of one another."

Apart from its decades-old work throughout Europe, under Columba's direction the HMML has expanded its activities to India, recently photographing 10,000 palm-leaf manuscripts, and Ethiopia, where it digitised the Garima Gospels, believed to be the oldest surviving Ethiopian manuscripts. The organisation has also expanded into the Middle East, working in Egypt, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Turkey and Jerusalem, to digitise thousands of manuscripts of all confessions, from Coptic, Maronite and Armenian, to Greek Catholic and Latin. In 2013, the organisation took the landmark decision of starting to digitise Islamic material as well. The 900 manuscripts of the Budeiri Library in Jerusalem were the first such project and have since been followed by several others.

Nowhere is the inextricable history of Christianity and Islam more visible than in Jerusalem, where Christians, Muslims and Jews have lived side by side for centuries. Here, the HMML has been digitising four Islamic and Christian collections since 2011. During his yearly visit here, Columba keeps track of the ongoing projects and tries to embark on new ones, meeting with stern Orthodox Syrian monks, influential and urbane Armenian patriarchs and cosmopolitan Palestinian families, in a captivating mosaic of traditions and cultures.

The monk's involvement with manuscripts started almost

ISIS AND OTHER RADICAL GROUPS HAVE BEEN RAVAGING AFRICA AND THE MIDDLE EAST, DESTROYING ANCIENT TEMPLES AND COUNTLESS ANTIQUITIES IN RECENT YEARS.

Since his appointment at the helm of the organisation in 2003, Columba has been scouring the world, from India and the Middle East to the Balkans and Ethiopia, to uncover and digitise precious Christian, Islamic, philosophical and scientific manuscripts threatened by weather, theft, wars or religious fanatics. As ISIS and other radical groups have been ravaging Africa and the Middle East, destroying ancient temples and countless antiquities in recent years, Columba has countered them by working with Christian and Muslim communities in hotspots such as Iraq, Syria and Mali, training local teams to photograph centuries-old books in order to preserve knowledge for future generations. "Given what's happened in the last years since the rise of ISIS, it's very clear that these things are really endangered," explains Columba, enjoying a fruit juice during a pause in his busy schedule. "It's imperative to make sure these manuscripts are safe."

The monk's goal is to create the most comprehensive collection of digitised manuscript material in the world, giving free online access to largely unknown and unique collections. While the program's main beneficiaries will be scholars, Columba hopes it will eventually foster a better understanding between Christians and Muslims in an era when the relationship between the two civilisations is so strained. "Even if relations were not easy in the past, if we learn from places where they once lived together, we might

accidentally. In the spring of 2003, Columba was asked to join a HMML preparatory field trip to Lebanon due to his monastic connections and his then "limited but nonetheless real experience of the region", as he likes to say. Columba soon developed a deep fascination for the job. "I don't have a lot of time to actually use the manuscripts, as my work is mostly finding them and making it possible to collect them," he says. "But I like learning new things, getting in touch with new cultures and making new personal connections."

Yet, trying to preserve the world's culture from destruction can be a painstakingly slow and sometimes frustrating job, where digitalisation is only the last stage. Getting in touch with the various religious orders, cultural organisations or families who hold manuscript collections and gaining their trust can take years of travelling, countless meetings and a lot of diplomacy, with no guarantee of a positive outcome. Many of the communities Columba approaches have been scarred by years of wars and persecution, and are understandably wary of outsiders. For them, granting a foreigner access to their cultural treasures is a huge deal. "Some of them lost their original place, their properties, their people," explains Columba. "Sometimes all they have are the manuscripts; a living link with their past."

The Syriac Christians Columba is meeting today are among those who suffered most. Since the start of the Syria



and Iraq wars, many of them have been persecuted and forced to flee to Europe, or have scattered in small groups around the region. As their manuscripts are one of the last testimonies of their cultural identity, when the American monk approached Saint Mark's in 2011, the monks thought this could be the last chance to save their history. Given the precarious situation of the community, the Syriac projects in Jerusalem, Syria and Iraq are among those Columba is most proud of. "These books were left by our Holy Fathers," explains Shimon Çan, the 65-year-old librarian, calligrapher and amanuensis of the monastery, who has been one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the project. "It is our duty to open these treasures to the world and to let our youngsters understand the wisdom, knowledge and spiritual value they exude."

Since the rise of ISIS, 2000 out of the 6000 manuscripts the HMML managed to digitise between 2009 and 2014 in Iraq have been lost, probably destroyed by men of the self-proclaimed caliphate. Other manuscripts digitised in the Syrian city of Aleppo might have gone missing, too. "I try not to think about that, because if I do I get really upset," the monk continues. "But it would be more painful if I heard of something that was destroyed that we didn't photograph, because that would be totally lost!" When the Malian city of Timbuktu was taken over by Islamists associated with

Cont. on page 104



**NOWHERE IS THE INEXTRICABLE
HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY AND
ISLAM MORE VISIBLE THAN IN
JERUSALEM, WHERE CHRISTIANS,
MUSLIMS AND JEWS HAVE LIVED
SIDE BY SIDE FOR CENTURIES.**

al-Qaeda in 2012, its unique libraries containing more than 300,000 Islamic religious texts and scientific works could have suffered the same fate. Thanks to the presence of mind of their custodians, these precious and largely unstudied manuscripts were smuggled to the capital Bamako, where they are currently being digitised by the HMML in safe houses.

Carried out in studios equipped with strobe lights and a HD digital camera remotely connected to a PC, digitisations are conducted by technicians trained by representatives of the HMML. Once the photography is completed, files are regrouped in a single folder and saved on a hard disk, which is then mailed or carried to the HMML headquarters in Minnesota by trusted intermediaries. Upon arrival, folders are scanned with antivirus; their data archived and uploaded to an online dedicated platform. Local teams are able to digitise an average of 500–600 manuscripts per year, for an annual running cost of less than 20,000 USD per project. Funded mainly through long-term grants, the HMML takes care of all the expenses, from the purchase and shipping of the equipment to the wages.

Although not difficult in itself, digitising requires care and patience in order to maintain consistency throughout the whole process. In Jerusalem, the operation is handled by 51-year-old Shaima Budeiri, a friendly but determined woman who studied manuscript preservation in Dubai, and spent the past years photographing thousands of pages, including those of her family's private collection. "I feel very

easy, preserving the originals from physical deterioration is another matter. As old pages are vulnerable to mold, worms and insects, manuscripts have to be wrapped and stored in acid-free papers and cartons, preferably in a climatised environment protected from excessive humidity. But not all the owners have the means or the will to look after their ancient books. In some cases, manuscripts are kept in plastic bags or simply left decaying. Once they are seriously damaged, restoring them is a long and costly process. "We recently spent 70,000 USD to restore around 100 manuscripts," laments 70-year-old Khader Salameh, the librarian of the Khalidi Library, whose collection of 1200 Islamic, Ottoman and Persian manuscripts is currently being digitised by HMML. "I have worked in this field since 1977. At the beginning, people thought these codices were rubbish. To date, there is no university teaching library science or museology in the Arab world. This is a problem," says Khader. The man's passion for the job betrays his worries about the state of the collection, whose works span from medicine to astronomy and from Qur'anic exegesis to philosophy and poetry. Its oldest manuscript, a text on early Islamic history, dates back to the 10th century. "Although most of the manuscripts are connected with the Islamic religion, they also help you to understand the culture of the society at the time they were written," continues the librarian. "These works do not belong only to Arabs, Muslims or Palestinians; they are a heritage for everyone in the world."

As the sun sets on the domes and minarets of the Old City,

COLUMBA HAS IDENTIFIED THE BALKANS AND EGYPT AS TWO POTENTIAL HOTSPOTS FOR FUTURE CRISIS AND WOULD LIKE TO INCREASE THE DIGITISING EFFORTS THERE.

proud of what I'm doing," she says, showing a beautiful manuscript decorated with gold, belonging to the Budeiri Library. To avoid damaging the already delicate pages, Shaima wears gloves and a white coat, and operates behind closed windows to shield manuscripts from sunlight. "I like this job because this collection belongs to my ancestors."

Yet, despite the reputation the HMML has built for itself in the past years, many communities remain sceptical about opening up to Westerners, given the tens of thousands of manuscripts looted during the colonial period and now displaced in various libraries around Europe. That's when Columba's experience as a monk comes into play. "Everybody knows about the Benedictines, manuscripts and learning. This is part of our identity, a brand which is somehow universal," he explains. "Being a monk puts me in a very different category. People understand I am not representing a big business or an imperialist cultural agency." The HMML modus operandi of training local people is also very important, as the latter keep total physical control of the manuscripts. "We never touch the manuscripts," explains Columba. "They are the ones doing the work and getting paid for it. They feel proud because they can say 'We did this.' Which is true."

While making digital surrogates of manuscripts can be fairly

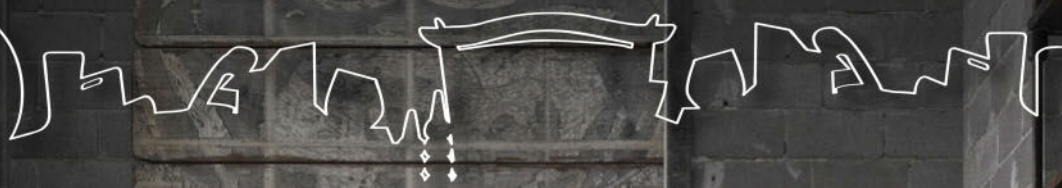
so does another day in the life of Father Columba. Since his early morning routine of meditation and praying, the monk has been caught in a sequel of conferences, meetings and courtesy visits, which have left him exhausted. Having to deal continuously with thorny issues and endangered communities can be emotionally draining, and this energetic, resilient man is starting to feel the toll of this consuming job. "I'm 60 and I won't be doing this when I'm 70," he assures, with a seraphic smile.

With the world in no shortage of wars, big challenges still lie ahead. Columba has identified the Balkans and Egypt as two potential hotspots for future crisis and would like to increase digitising efforts there. "It's getting harder for all of us; the world is not happy right now," he admits. "But I don't want to waste energy saying 'if only'. I try to move on."

Although his retirement is not yet in sight, a glimpse of undisguised pride permeates Columba's voice when he speaks about the legacy he will leave. "For the sake of the library and the monastery, I hope that people will have some understanding of what we've been able to accomplish, because I think it's fairly remarkable," he concludes, with a smile as pure as his soul. "In a hundred years from now, if there will be a note somewhere naming the people who were doing this, that would be nice." ●

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INTERVIEW

DUNCAN WELGEMOED

THE CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED CHEF AND OWNER OF
AFRICOLA TALKS TO US ABOUT FOOD, MUSIC AND
WHY ADELAIDE IS THE BEST CITY IN AUSTRALIA.
INTERVIEW BY SEAN BRUCE

DUNCAN Welgemoed swears a lot. This isn't an unusual character trait for a chef. If you haven't worked in the industry and experienced it yourself, you've probably seen it on shows like Gordon Ramsey's *The F Word*. For authenticity's sake we only edited out *half* of Welgemoed's swearing, which still left us with around 100 "fucks".

But that's not to say the guy is aggressive in any way. The opposite – he comes across as part wild man, part nice guy. Or as one of his staff described him, "A crazy cat, but a good one."

Beyond the sailor's vocabulary, the owner of Adelaide's critically acclaimed restaurant Africola was born in South Africa, but spent the better part of the past two decades travelling the globe working in some of the world's finest culinary establishments. He's shared a kitchen with big names like Blumenthal and Ramsey, as well as a whole bevy of other talents. He earned a Michelin star at 19 years of age, he's the favourite chef among rock stars and pop divas like Tool's James Maynard Keenan and Katy Perry, and you might've even seen him on Network Ten's *MasterChef*. If the rumours are true, we're about to see a lot more of him in the future. We can't say anything, because he can't. Just keep your eyes peeled. ▶▶

Tell us about Africola. What's the vibe there?

I suppose it's a flexi restaurant, in the sense that it's accessible, community driven, loud, fun, and full of booze and sexy food at a great price point. It's a very unique restaurant, because it's staff driven. It's the personality of myself, of my front-of-house manager and my designer James Brown.

Owning a restaurant is a full-time gig. Do you get much time to loosen up and get into the social side of things?

Not really, it's a bit hard to do that. I mean, when I'm free I obviously hang out with all my hospo friends and we do stupid shit. But no, I don't put on a suit and go hang out with a bunch of fucking normies. I can't relate to anyone outside of the arts or hospo, to be honest. It's just the hours we work; it's kind of like sex workers, artists, musicians, winemakers and hospo workers – we work fucked-up hours when people are sleeping or too fucked or having a day off. That's when we come alive, and that's why we all move in the same circles. But I mean, who the fuck wants to hang out with normal people?

What do you cook when you're at home?

I plan it a week in advance, so there's always a central theme. I cook every single day, and I actually cook more at home than I do in the restaurant. There, you've got it prepped, you put it out and send it to the masses. But at home it's different, because you're starting from scratch and you actually curate it. So last night, we got a whole mullet and did it Viet-style, and I made a curry sauce from one of my favourite chefs in the country, a chick called Thi Le from a restaurant called Anchovy in Melbourne. She's got this weirdo curry sauce that she serves with steamed fish – it's fuckin' awesome.

"SPAGHETTI BOLOGNESE – IT'S THE KING OF DISHES. IT'S RICH AND, TEXTUALLY, IT'S THE BEST BECAUSE NOODLES ARE AWESOME. AND IT'S HEALTHIER THAN HEROIN, KEEP THAT IN MIND."

Africola is a super-vibrant place. What's the most important aspect of creating a good dining experience?

First and foremost: hospitality. We carry that across to pretty much every project we do. People need to feel welcome and comfortable and ready to have a good time. At the end of the day, you've got all walks of life coming to your joint; some have had good days, shit days, tragedies, celebrations – everything. So you really have to get everyone on your level for them to have a fucking great time, which also means there's no place for fucking egos.

We don't care where you're from, we don't care if you're fucking Katy Perry or someone celebrating their 75th birthday – the experience is tailored per person, and everyone is going to get a fucking shot of bourbon at the end of the night.

It's the middle of summer – what's the best way to be king of the barbie?

First thing you do is take your gas barbecue and your Hahn Premium Light and throw them in the fucking bin. Then buy some real beer and start using charcoal or wood. That's first and foremost. Before you can even call yourself a braai or any bullshit like that, you've got to be fucking with actual real fire, not with a gas hotplate.

What's your recipe for the ultimate 'manwich'?

I'd say a prego steak sandwich off the barbecue, which is a Johannesburg/Mozambique/Portuguese rump steak that you marinate in a mixture of tomato sauce, peri-peri sauce, barbecue sauce, red wine, loads of garlic and bay leaves. Then you've got to have a soft, white roll with loads and loads of margarine. It's spicy, it's sweet and it's caramelised. And obviously, rump steak is the king of all steaks for me, because it has the most flavour and a really beautiful cap of fat that you can char. Chuck that on your roll for a really good barbecue entrée.

The food at Africola is regenerative. What does that mean?

Regenerative food has minimal impact on the environment. It's actually working with nature and regenerating it with abundance as opposed to sustainability, which can mean a variety of things. The way the environment is now, we don't really need to sustain what we have – we need to regenerate it. If you look at our seafood, we only use stock like calamari, sardines and Occy (when it's in season). Stuff like that is pretty much baitfish you can catch by the tonne. That, as opposed to "oh, let's get fucking tuna on the menu" – something that (a) we shouldn't be catching, and (b) if we're breeding it, it consumes so much food. It's really bad for the environment. There's also regenerative farming, which involves land with old husbandry attached to it, biodynamic breeding of animals and pretty much anything from the Polyface Farm catalogue, which is the stuff we serve at Africola.

You worked with Gordon Ramsey. Is he as hardcore as he appears on TV?

He's a lot more hardcore. I mean, that's just what you expect: you do your job, you're fine; you don't do your job, well there's no time to be like, "OK, can we sit down and talk to HR and see what we can do to facilitate your growth?" None of that shit. You're running a section, you're in service, there's three Michelin stars – you fuck something up, it's going to fuck the entire kitchen, which is going



to then fuck the customer experience, who is paying for \$1000 dollar or so experience that little Jimmy over there has just fucked up for everyone because he had a fucking rough night. Gordon's not going to be happy.

Guilty pleasure?

Spaghetti bolognese – it's the king of dishes. It's rich and, textually, it's the best because noodles are awesome. And it's healthier than heroin, keep that in mind.

What would you change about the hospitality industry?

The emphasis on male chefs – it's completely fucked. I just pulled out on Saturday night after I was nominated for best chef in the Gourmio Guide that's coming out, and I told them to get fucked publicly, because out of 19 chefs that were nominated, not one of them was a woman. I told them I don't want them writing about me, I don't want to be nominated for anything, pull me out of the guide. It's bullshit.

Alright, I want to impress a girl. What's one easy dish that might get me laid?

I would say roast chicken. You can always keep it as light or as heavy as you want it. Just roast it with plenty of garlic, finish with loads and loads of fucking lemon and a nice little spice to go with it. In the roasting pan itself, chuck some leeks and baby onions, and cook it all together. Then just make a dressing out of all the chicken juices that run off, pour it into a bowl, add heaps of lemon juice, and then just dress the whole fucking thing with it.

I'm a typical Sydney snob. Sell Adelaide to me.

Well, let me put it this way: I can get a drink after fucking midnight, and that's pretty much it. That's why it just fucking destroys Sydney in one argument. Any rock star, guest chef, any of my mates from all over the country or all over the world, I bring them to Adelaide, I show them around and they want to move here. I take them to Sydney and it's like, "Cool, now what? Oh, I guess we're going to go back to your hotel room like a bunch of fucking weirdos."

You recently got busted for illegally harvesting seaweed. What's the story there?

I mean, that was blown completely out of context. I'm an ambassador for the Department of Primary Industries and Regions, South Australia [PIRSA]. My whole point was reducing the fees for foraging, because lots of chefs are doing it without actually getting a permit, because they can't afford it because they are fucking expensive. A permit costs \$4622. So, all of a sudden, chefs and foodies are hurting the environment because no one's speaking to PIRSA to try to get those fees reduced. But after the media attention, PIRSA came to the table. And I'm more than happy to work with anyone who wants to go and forage and actually learn about the environment.

What's the most important aspect of creating a new dish? Besides how it tastes, of course.

Balance and gut fill. What is that doing to your mouth? How is it making you feel? Is it making you feel full? Is it too rich? What's happening in your stomach? It's got to be completely balanced – it's the number-one thing I look for in a dish.

"THE EXPERIENCE IS TAILORED PER PERSON, AND EVERYONE IS GOING TO GET A FUCKING SHOT OF BOURBON AT THE END OF THE NIGHT"

If your restaurant were a playlist, what songs would be on it?

I would say if I put my restaurant to one album, it would be the *Natural Born Killers* soundtrack, straight up. We've got Nine Inch Nails, N.W.A, Leonard Cohen, Diamanda Galás, Jane's Addiction and Rage Against the Machine.

You've got a history of cooking for musicians. What's the crossover here?

I started cooking for bands at the Adelaide Showground. I still do it and I will be for 2018 in very big way, which I can't talk about at the moment. At the end of the day, we're both creating something, we both have a craft. For me, I always wanted to be in a big band, but obviously reality kicks in and I got a real job. But always being obsessed with music, having that crossover is pretty important. Music is very, very important to most people's lives, just as eating is, so marrying the two is great. I've been that go-to restaurant for loads of artists and bands, like Faith No More, Tool, Lamb of God, Katy Perry and Major Lazer.

Have you had any weird requests from any of the musicians you've catered for?

Rammstein wanted orange juice squeezed by hand five minutes before they came off stage, then a shot of mezcal, brown sugar and a slice of orange. We got pretty fucked-up after their set.

I heard you're thinking of getting into winemaking. Would you be doing that full-time and hand over the reins of Africola to somebody else?

That's where I'm heading. I've done vintage before, and I've got a six-year plan, where I want to be doing vintage in Australia and elsewhere – so two vintages a year for the next six years. But I don't think you could ever be a full-time winemaker. Loads of them have substance abuse problems. I've got an outlet to sell the booze. Half the job of being a winemaker is selling the booze, so the other half is obviously the farming elements, the viticulture and creating vintage that lasts. The process takes about three months and then managing that wine until you're ready to bottle. So it won't actually take heaps of my time at all to do, especially with the quantities I want to make. But I think understanding the process of something that is as useful as winemaking and serving that product in your restaurant is pretty cool. ❶



PAUL ANTHONY

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THESE ARE TESTING TIMES

CAN TEST MATCH CRICKET SURVIVE FANS' DESIRE FOR FASTER PACED FORMATS?

BY ELLE HARDY

THE greatest fear in Australian life is not war or famine, but the loneliness of October: those weekends between the end of footy season and the start of the cricket. But the satisfaction of the game returning (along with the weather) each year has clouded the fact that the game as we know it has changed entirely. Test cricket is dying – and the timing of its euthanasia is really the only remaining question.

"Boxing Day in Australia, and the Ashes more generally, has become Test cricket's Potemkin village, hiding the decay of the format behind the veneer of its own continuity," cricket's bard Gideon Haigh noted several years ago. His eloquent voice was just another in the chorus of "Test cricket is dead" from everyone – including greats like Mark Waugh and Ian Chappell – since One Dayers came on the scene. This year's Ashes will revive interest in the long

cricket, social media impressions are 10 times more than when he makes a 50 for India in Test cricket," Jones pointed out.

The game's governing body is introducing a Test match championship in 2019 to try to counter the trend, but can a two-year competition take on the short, sharp direction of cricket in general? Football has long battled the interests of countries and clubs, who pay the players' wages – but they have a World Cup that lasts weeks and results in a winner. A Test cricket championship rolling over continents and years has a futility to it, when the masses are pushing the game in the opposite direction.

Like most things in our world, the war for the soul of cricket will be between the generations. Kerry Packer couldn't kill Test cricket in the 1970s, but the increasing irrelevance of free-to-air television might. It's too easy to

KERRY PACKER COULDN'T KILL TEST CRICKET IN THE 1970S, BUT THE INCREASING IRRELEVANCE OF FREE-TO-AIR TELEVISION MIGHT. IT'S TOO EASY TO SEE WHAT SPARKS PEOPLE'S INTEREST, AND THE GAME RELIES ON BROADCAST RIGHTS.

game, as it always does, but unfortunately, sport is no bigger than commercial considerations.

Only seven Test matches in 2016 ended in a draw – five of them due to weather. Two decades ago, around half of the Test matches would end without a result. But draws have largely been replaced by drubbings, with teams struggling to perform on the road, pitches as flat as them, and technique, interest and money all flowing to Twenty20.

In a fiery op-ed last year, Dean Jones pointed to the reality that tends to evade Australian fans: we're not the only nation that plays cricket. "TV ratings in Asia are declining at a rapid rate and the interest in this format is becoming non-existent with Asian youth," he wrote, predicting Test cricket's decline is so steep it may be finished in a decade. It's all too easy to measure. "Virat Kohli makes a 50 for Bangalore or India in Twenty20

see what sparks people's interest, and the game relies on broadcast rights.

Sentimentality for Test cricket is a beautiful thing, but in an age where we've convinced ourselves we're busier than anyone before in human history, the game will increasingly be viewed as an indulgence. The charge towards Twenty20 also highlights the shift in world power, where the desires of tens of millions of kids on the subcontinent will take precedence over the nostalgia of white Boomers. It is, in effect, a battle of high and pop culture – and when sport is governed solely by the dollar, there will only be one winner.

A 5-0 Ashes victory over England, as many are predicting, would be indisputably sweet, but that taste will need to have a long tail. I'll miss Test cricket like crazy, but I know my arse has already cast my vote. **1**

SUN CULTS, SOLSTICE AND SACRIFICE

IN 1995, THE SON OF A WEALTHY FRENCHMAN WAS FOUND DEAD ALONG WITH SIXTEEN BODIES ARRANGED IN A SUN-LIKE CIRCLE AROUND THE REMAINS OF A BONFIRE IN THE FRENCH ALPS.

BY SEAN BRUCE

THE longest day of the year is upon us. For some, that means warding off evil spirits with spells and big-arse bonfires. The summer solstice, aka midsummer, marks the time at which the Northern or Southern Hemisphere is most inclined towards the sun. While it's not taken too seriously by Aussies (who are more inclined to down a beer at the beach than dance around a fire), it has a deep historical significance for many cultures around the world, particularly in Northern Europe.

While Pagan sun worshippers have traditionally flocked to Stonehenge in celebration of the solstice, New-Age witches jump at the chance to embrace their inner wu by casting spells and imbibing enchanting elixirs. *Vogue*, for instance, interviewed a few self-professed spellcasters to gauge the best ways to harness the powers of the solstice – there's a DIY “pouch for psychic dreams” (no, seriously) and a recipe for a “solar elixir”.

We're not going to bother, as we don't reckon *Penthouse* readers are the mugwort and elderflower types (unless that particular concoction gets you pissed).

Instead, we're turning our attention to another peculiar way to mark the yearly phenomenon, and it doesn't include a dream pouch. No, this *next-level* weirdness involves a bizarre sun cult and human sacrifice.

On December 17, 1995, just days out from the winter solstice, 27-year-old Frenchman Patrick Vuarnet – the son of Olympic ski champion and entrepreneur Jean Vuarnet (google Vuarnet sunnies) – disappeared from his home in Geneva. Ten days later, the charred remains of his body were discovered in a forest clearing, along with those of his mother Edith and his Swiss girlfriend. Sixteen bodies in total were arranged in a sun-like circle around the remains of a bonfire in the French Alps.

Each of the burned bodies had one or more bullet wounds, and all the remains belonged to



members of the Order of the Solar Temple, a secret cult started by Joseph Di Mambro and Luc Jouret that has been operating in several countries (including Australia) since 1984.

The cult had aligned itself with a garden-variety mixture of Pagan mysticism, Christian symbolism, sex, money and power. Di Mambro had brainwashed his followers into thinking he was the reincarnation of several religious leaders and that his daughter was a ‘cosmic child’ who'd take the group to a new planet called Sirius after death. Jouret, meanwhile, had everyone convinced he'd been a member of the Knights Templar in a previous life and was now the third incarnation of Jesus Christ.

In October 1994, convinced the government was hunting them down and that the world was about to end in a catastrophic environmental event, 53 members of the cult from around the world, including Di Mambro and Jouret, prepared to transit to Sirius, taking their own lives in a mass suicide in Switzerland and Quebec.

But Vuarnet and his mother, who had both joined the doomsday cult, never got the call. And after hearing of the 53 dead, Vuarnet stated that while he had previously felt prepared to sacrifice himself, he'd reconsidered his dedication to the cause. “What I thought was true is false, and I failed to recognise that. I have burned all my capes and got rid of all my papers,” he told French magazine *L'Express*, adding he feared for his life when neither he or his mother were informed of the mass-suicide plan.

The following year, after the 1995 winter solstice, Vuarnet was found immolated, along with 15 others. Was he murdered? Or had his attitude towards the sect changed? It's difficult to know. What is clear is it's not only the moon that brings out the loonies.

Your best bet this summer solstice? Stick to beers at the beach. And if you get a call to head for the mountains with your sun-loving mates, maybe don't go. **1**

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SUMMER SMART

HOLIDAY IN EUROPE

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BLACK-TIE is one of the only occasions when the dress code is literally spelled out for you (the other being white-tie). Even if one of these events only crops up once a year, it's important to make sure you're prepared, and not left looking for a bow-tie and cummerbund at the last minute – a good outfit is well worth the investment.



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III BUCKLE 1922 CUFFLINKS

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IV SHINY AF SHOES

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SUMMER VIBES

SOMEONE SAY MUSIC FESTIVAL?

IF there's one pastime we love down under it's getting filthy at a music festival. Comprising pretty much all our favourite things (sun, babes, beers and music), it doesn't even matter who's headlining; from the most niche of bush doofs to the biggest three-day, multi-stage events, a music festival is a music festival is a music festival – simultaneously guaranteeing the best dances and the worst hangovers you'll likely ever have. Make sure you're prepared with an outfit that can endure what you'll put it through.

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SUMMER CASUAL

ASIAN HOLIDAY

IT'S one of our favourite holiday destinations for a reason: great beaches, tasty food and cheap beer everywhere you look. Believe it or not, there's a better uniform for a bunch of boys abroad than just Bintang singlets and service station pluggers.

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COMFY CRUISING

ROAD TRIP

No matter the destination, it's a matter of importance that you get the essentials right for your next trip. Whether it's domestic or international, you're going to want a few of these items handy.

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS BARNEY COOLS (5-PANEL) SNAPBACK

It's said if you close your eyes and say girls three times, the girl of your dreams will appear in front of you. Failing that, you can wear one of these fresh snapbacks (above) which will no doubt increase your chances with the ladies.

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It is absolutely imperative that you carry sunglasses with you wherever you go, and Persol are stylish enough to go with just about any outfit while keeping your eyes protected from those nasty UV rays.

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Aptly named the No Matter What Duffel, it's super hardy, water repellent and easy to stack on top of the rest of your gear, or to use as a one-off bag. The duffel was clearly built for rugged landscapes and versatile travel needs and has long been a traveler favorite.

**RRP: From AU \$100
- \$160 depending on**



SUMMER EVENTS

HEADING TRACKSIDE

A DAY at the races during spring carnival is the ultimate opportunity for a little peacocking. While plenty of blokes cock it up by getting their loud outfits from the local Lowes, there's a good opportunity here to take a few risks. Want to stand out? Try Moo Moo Ties (pictured). Their leather ties age beautifully, add character and last forever. Available in a variety of two-toned colours, Moo Moo Ties are the ideal, eye-catching addition to any outfit for any occasion. Head to Kickstarter now and search for Moo Moo Ties and lock in a tie at a great discount.

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Let the tie do the talking on a blank canvas.

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SUMMER FUN

STRAYA DAY

WE'RE not telling you not to whack on some face paint and wrap yourself in a flag, but if you'd rather avoid looking like a certain One Nation senator this Australia Day then think of subversively incorporating some green and gold into your outfit (and something that's iconically Australian too).

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You'd be sorted for the party if you rocked up with nothing but these and your birthday suit, they're delicious.

Plus a percentage of profits go towards helping our environment, with Hawkie passing on his royalties to support Landcare Australia.

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III. ACNE STUDIOS AYAN SLIM-FIT TROUSERS

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IV. P JOHNSON DARK GREEN JACKET

Forest green is a hard colour to match, but not impossible in the name of a little patriotism.

RRP: AU \$1702

V. GOLD RAY-BAN AVIATORS

Gold and yellow, these will tie it all together (and they're great for driving, apparently).

RRP: AU \$235



SUMMER FUN

POOL PARTY

WHO doesn't love a pool party? While you'll probably be spending the day wearing next to nothing, a good outfit that can keep you fly when you're underwater is essential. Oh, and turning up with a giant boob-shaped pool float will instantly make you popular.

BARNEY COOLS AMPHIBIOUS SHORTS

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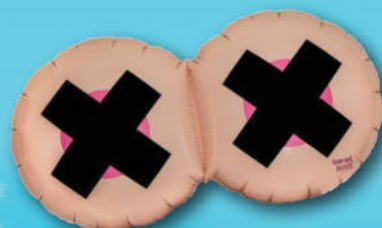
Super stylish and reliable, and not so expensive you'll be precious about getting it wet. **RRP: AU \$87**

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The long sleeve is a handy tactic if the wind kicks up and you need some toastiness. **RRP: AU \$69.95**

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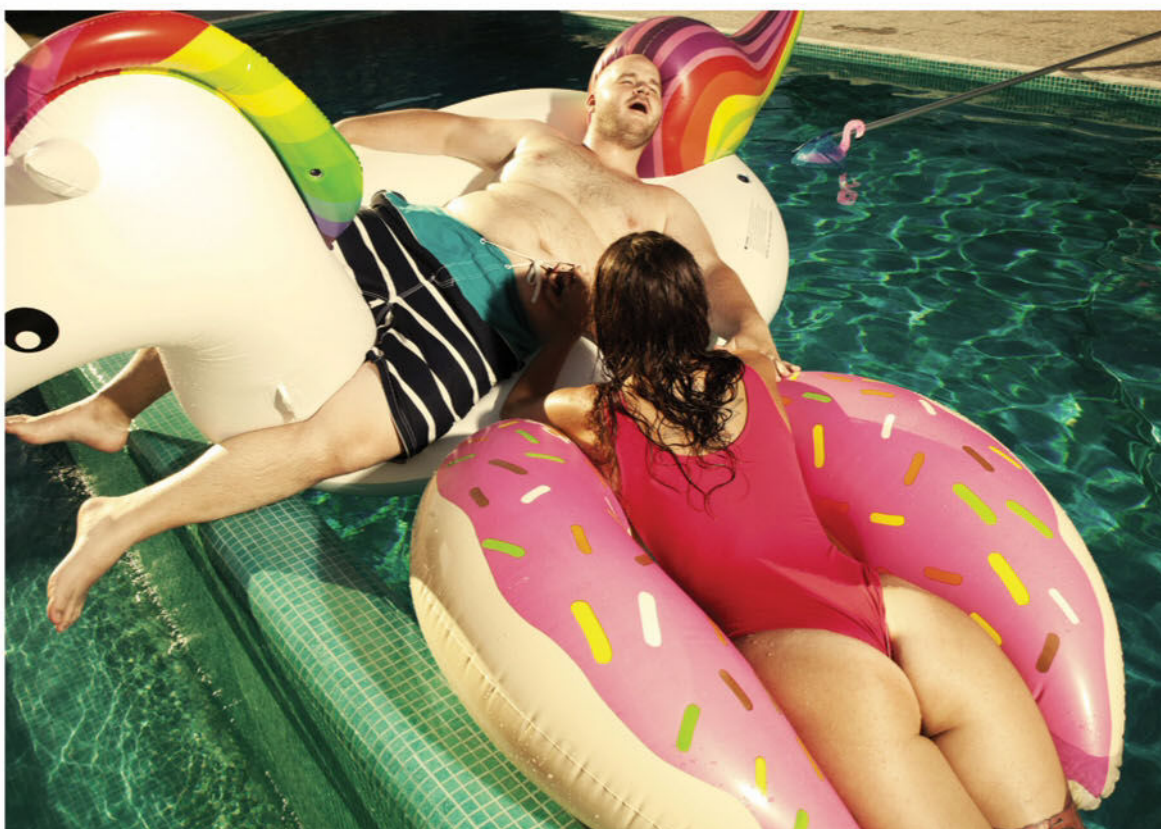
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HOW THE MEDIA TRIED TO DESTROY MILO

THE CLAIM THAT HE WAS AN APOLOGIST FOR PAEDOPHILIA WAS THE ONE THAT ALMOST RUINED HIM. BY BETTINA ARNDT

GO Milo! The dangerous faggot is coming to town to expose in full glory the bias and stupidity driving much of our media. I'm talking about the flamboyant gay commentator Milo Yiannopoulos, who is soon to embark on an Australian tour bravely sponsored by *Penthouse*.

No, I'm not insulting Milo by calling him a "faggot". For the last few years the brilliant, British-born provocateur has been conducting what he calls his "Dangerous Faggot Tour" of US college campuses, taking on social justice warriors with their trigger warnings and safe spaces, and attacking the identity politics that is stifling free speech. The conservative journalist has attracted huge numbers of fans, and his self-published memoir *Dangerous* debuted at number two in the *New York Times'* Non-fiction Best Seller List earlier this year. Aussies are among his most fervent followers.

Yet once again, our country, driven by the fascist left, is exposing its dark and intolerant side. Last year, Australia

As I write this, WA Premier Mark McGowan has just announced he's banning Milo from using government venues. "Anyone who defends paedophiles and associates with Nazis, I don't think is a rational person. We shouldn't have them delivering lectures and performances to West Australians," Mr McGowan said.

What better way to blacken someone's reputation than to suggest they're protecting people who sexually abuse children? The real story is rather different. It started last year when it was announced Milo would earn a cool quarter-million for his debut book, and the progressive left went bananas. An old video conveniently surfaced, showing the outspoken commentator speaking in his usual joking style about the "arbitrary and oppressive" idea of sexual consent. He said that although 16 seemed about right, there are "people who are capable of giving consent at a younger age," adding, "I certainly consider myself to be one of them."

WHAT BETTER WAY TO BLACKEN SOMEONE'S REPUTATION THAN TO SUGGEST THEY'RE PROTECTING PEOPLE WHO SEXUALLY ABUSE CHILDREN? THE REAL STORY IS RATHER DIFFERENT.

disgraced itself by allowing feminists to shut down screenings of *The Red Pill*, a documentary exploring the men's rights movement, subjecting US filmmaker Cassie Jaye to vicious media attacks.

Now, social activists are targeting Milo. Their attempt to have his visa withdrawn failed, so they're foolishly focusing on using the media to discredit him. You would have thought they'd have learnt from the *Red Pill* saga, which garnered so much popularity, it became Australia's top-selling movie on YouTube after Cassie's visit here.

But in targeting Milo, these self-appointed moral guardians may have bitten off more than they can chew. Milo Yiannopoulos is a man who gives as good as he gets. Beyond the bold, self-assured flamboyancy is an old-fashioned shit-stirrer, who thrives on controversy. He's ready for the mud the media is throwing at him: accusing him of being racist, he's actually married to a black guy; accusing him of being anti-Semitic, he's actually part-Jewish. Then there are the white supremacist and neo-Nazi accusations.

But their favourite taunt? He's an apologist for paederasts.

He said he was "grateful" for interactions he had with a Catholic priest when he was a young teenager, quipping that it had helped him become talented at oral sex. And he talked about the common gay experience of "coming-of-age" relationships, in which older boys or men help younger boys "discover who they are".

Well, all hell broke loose. Milo lost the book deal and his job as editor of right-wing news website *Breitbart*. He issued an apology for having offended abuse victims, but explains in *Dangerous* that although he was a victim of sexual abuse, he never saw himself that way. Milo still argues that under these circumstances he surely has the right to define how these experiences affected him.

Apparently not, considering the reaction to this drawn-out saga. In our blinkered world, a gay guy who talks positively about his early adolescent sexual experiences with adult men risks being accused of excusing paederasts.

All it does is tighten the hold the hysterical witch hunt for child-sex abusers has on our society. Not to mention the fact that what Milo described isn't even paedophilia, which is ►►



abuse involving prepubescent children. We're talking about "hebephilia" – the sexual interest in early adolescent kids. No, Milo isn't supporting paedophilia; in fact, during his career, he was responsible for publicly exposing some high-profile men as child abusers.

He's also right in saying early sexual experiences of many gay teenage boys include positive encounters with older males. Research by Paul Gebhard at the Kinsey Institute found that in sexual relationships between boys aged 12–15 and adult men, 70 per cent of the boys had encouraged sex, according to their accounts in official police records. There's a string of other studies showing young gay adolescents often initiate sex with adult men, with most reporting these experiences as consensual and satisfying.

I once heard ABC radio journalist Geraldine Doogue conduct an interview with a researcher talking about teenage boys who have sexual encounters with older males or females. The expert explained that the problem was sometimes these young men didn't define their experiences as abusive – they saw them as positive, valuable and pleasurable. But when Geraldine suggested this might not always be a problem for these older teenagers, the researcher was horrified. She was convinced the destructive effects of these experiences would eventually take their toll.

In our efforts to protect young people from abuse we're now determined to rewrite people's sexual histories, so that

This doesn't make sense. Even though we seek to protect young people by establishing strict rules about adult responsibilities, does it follow we must treat D'Alpuget as delusional for defining her own experiences in her own way?

What about French President Emmanuel Macron, who seduced his drama teacher and now wife, Brigitte Trogneux, when he was 15? "Bit by bit, he defeated all my resistance, in an amazing way, with patience," Trogneux, who is 24 years her husband's senior, told the BBC.

Naturally, many condemn discussion of the complexities of this issue as somehow undermining efforts to protect vulnerable young people from sexual exploitation. We've learnt all too much about institutional abuse of children by adults responsible for their care. There are very good reasons for rules about relations between teachers and pupils, which apply in France as elsewhere. Equally, we need to protect adolescent gay boys from abuse by adult men.

But the reality is, sexual experiences involving adolescents and older partners are culturally defined, and their outcomes are quite variable. Just look at the age-of-consent issue. Different countries and cultures can't agree on the age at which a young person is deemed old enough to make their own decisions about sexual relationships. In Turkey the age of consent is 18, in South Korea it is 13, and even within Australia it varies from state to state. In Victoria, it's not illegal for a child under 16 to have sexual experiences with someone

MILO ISN'T SUPPORTING PAEDOPHILIA; IN FACT, DURING HIS CAREER, HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR PUBLICLY EXPOSING SOME HIGH-PROFILE MEN AS CHILD ABUSERS.

even relationships that prompt fond memories in younger proponents are defined as damaging. In 1993, Bob Hawke's wife Blanche D'Alpuget penned an essay on lust in the collection *The Eleven Deadly Sins*, revealing that while she was molested as a child, she did not frame the experience in a negative way, nor did she consider herself a victim. D'Alpuget describes her "wonderful love affair" with a 54-year-old District Court judge at just 12 years old. "I think I was a precocious child and I was a child who certainly wanted to join the world of adults," she said.

D'Alpuget has always regarded this encounter as a positive experience. "Contrary to the usual pattern of the child feeling helpless, hopeless, disempowered and ashamed, I felt the opposite," she explained in the foreword to her chapter, adding that her father probably would've killed the man if he knew about the affair. "So instead of seeing myself as a victim, I had a sense of empowerment. We were both playing with fire, but he was the one who would get burnt. Inadvertently, the combination of the randy old pervert and my father set me up for life never to feel subservient or inferior to men."

When her article was published, there were outcries in the media, with therapists asserting D'Alpuget had been psychologically damaged and refused to recognise it. Press reports of this incident invariably mention she was "abused" when she was young.

up to two years older, but in Tasmania it's OK for a 15-year-old to have sex with someone up to five years older.

Meanwhile, the coming-of-age sexual experiences that are now earning Milo abuse are regularly celebrated in the arts world. British writer Alan Hollinghurst went on to win the Booker prize despite the revelations of his earlier gay-sex-filled novel *The Swimming Pool Library*, which treats such relationships with none of the current squeamishness. Even back in 1925, André Gide was writing about erotic adventures of various schoolboys and their adult partners in *The Counterfeiters* (*Les faux-monnayeurs*).

On Boxing Day, our movie theatres will show a new coming-of-age movie, *Call Me by Your Name*. In this boy-meets-boy story set in 1980s Italy, 17-year-old Elio becomes enamoured by Oliver, a 24-year-old academic who has come to stay at his parents' villa, where a passionate relationship develops.

Milo Yiannopoulos is no apologist for paederasts. Nor should you believe all other taunts and misinformation the media is spreading against him. Yes, sometimes he says and does stupid things – like the big deal being made about a video of him responding to Nazi salutes from an audience. But listen up and you'll find this smart, incredibly articulate and entertaining man has interesting things to say, and the guts to say them. ❶

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DON'T FKN WEINSTEIN

THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD SHAKE DOWN OF LONG RUNNING SEXUAL MISCONDUCT COULD CHANGE THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE SEXES IN EVERY SPHERE IN LIFE. BUT WILL IT?

BY GUY RUNDLE

THE thing about Harvey Weinstein is...ohhhhhh, I know you don't want to talk about Harvey Weinstein. I know you're going 'can we not? Can I instead manually deworm the dog/do my taxes/watch Studio 10? Can I instead staple my eyelids to my knees?' Haha. You can! But only after we've talked about Harvey Weinstein, at which point you will want to do that. Harvey Weinstein's fall, for those who've been under a rock, (actually if you have been under a rock you would have met him) has set off a vast process of cultural realignment across the Western world. The indie-king producer was revealed to have been a sexual shakedown artist of decades-long standing in a *New York Times* article a couple of months ago. Subsequently, he has been accused of rape by several women, the alleged events occurring on several continents, years apart, and with a similar style, for want of a better term.

Weinstein's conduct sounds ghastly, and revelations about him set off a firestorm by which other Hollywood A-listers suddenly had their conduct re-examined. Woody Allen, alleged to have sexually abused a stepdaughter – and of course marrying another of them – had got a free pass of sorts. That was rescinded. Roman

is between the powerless and the powerful, and the latter club is very liberal as regards race, gender, and sexuality – any immoral bastard will gain membership and solidarity.

The other lesson from the Weinstein scandal came with the #metoo witnessing on twitter, as many women, and some men recounted their experiences of sexual exploitation and threat at the hands of the powerful. But here the complexities began: these started with rape, proceeded to sexual shakedown and abuse of power, and became examples of pestering, objectification, staring, unwanted approaches etc. In crossing to this territory, the #metoo witnessing crossed a line – one in which consensual, rejectable, refusable acts and approaches became aligned with assault and coercion. Though this looked uber-PC, it was its opposite; it abolished consent as a model and re-established a Victorian notion of female fragility, in which any chanced remark in a bar, any standard 'neg', any proposition between equals in a workplace, became verboten. That attitude ends in one place only: a puritan modernity, in which we monitor ourselves, and suppress all love of play, risk, and danger that life is nothing more than a permanent recoil in fear, a denial of the

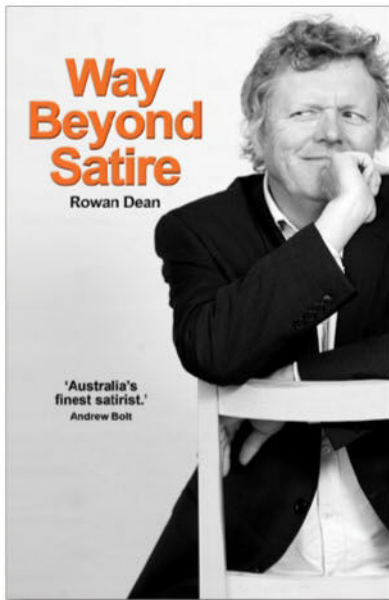
SHE'S GETTING CLOSER TO UNMASKING ONE OR BOTH OF US. IT'S DELICIOUS.

Polanski's conduct – he raped a drugged 13-year-old at an LA party; because the DA welched on a plea deal, his subsequent flight from the US has been excused – is being re-assessed. Kevin Spacey's advances on a 14-year-old boy is being hashed over as I write. You'll know (but I don't) what happened in the gap between writing and publication, but I can take a guess. Poor old Kermit! You spawn on Miss Piggy's leg just once.....

Will these revelations change the culture of Hollywood, and workplace sex/power culture more generally? It appears to be going far, far beyond that, to a general revision of relations between the sexes in every sphere of life. Weinstein was thrown out of the 'academy', home of the Oscars – a whole academy, many of whose members have never opened a book – at the instigation of a couple of leading women producers. But only after the scandal hit. Far from being a male profession as per the old studios – where, forget the casting couch, moguls had whole bedrooms behind fake bookshelves in their offices – Hollywood studios are female-dominated. They could have rounded on Harvey, collectively; they had the power. They didn't because he was shaking down actresses and wanna-be such, and minor producers and directors hoping for their first gig. The powerless, in other words. Don't presume that gender parity in industry leadership will change these things one bit. The great dividing line

very spirit of life. The capacity of adults to distinguish between dangerous behaviour and coercive behaviour becomes denied; all danger, anything that disrupts existing relations between two people in pursuit of a rawer encounter, becomes seen as coercive. This correspondent is watching twitter as an ex-lover, a married woman who begged me to keep silence, compares me (as yet unnamed) to Weinstein and offers as evidence, our shared pillowtalk about the cliched dominant/submissive, sadistic/masochistic roles which modern men and women often take on with regard to each other. She's getting closer to unmasking one or both of us. It's delicious.

What we need to do, in this open and widening maelstrom, those of us who regard sex, danger and men and women as bound up together, is keep our heads. Reaffirm the abhorrence of rape, sexual assault and the use of official power for sexual shakedowns; affirm the right, in the pursuit and the pleasure of show, deceit, mindgames, the pleasure of cliché, the power of not Weinstein, but whining and begging (*The Power of Whining and Begging*, 300pp, hardback, forthcoming), the legitimacy of relentlessness, the affirmation of life in lust, and the rejection of its absolute negation of the deathful power games of this world's Weinsteins. Let's never mention him again. You can go staple your eyelids now. ❶

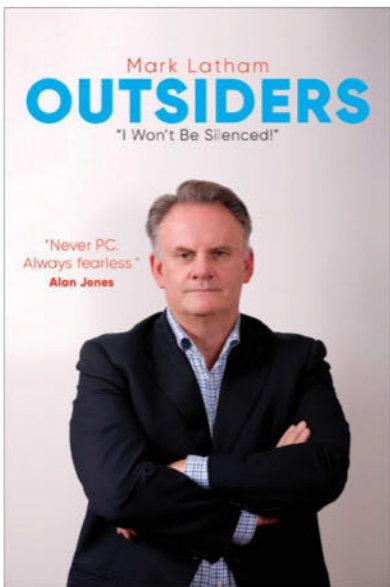


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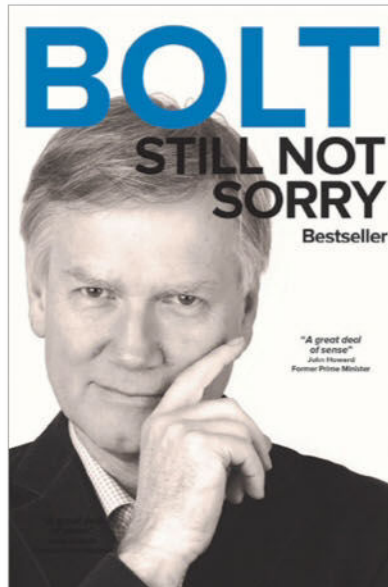


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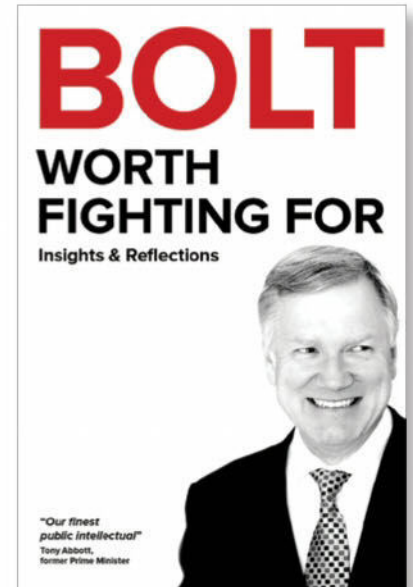
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SEX BY DECEPTION

SHOULD TRANS-PEOPLE DISCLOSE THEIR BIRTH SEX TO THEIR PROSPECTIVE PARTNERS?

AS I watch the evening news, a bartender in London tells a BBC reporter about the time Kevin Spacey grabbed his cock at a party a few years ago. He's the latest in a tsunami of #metoo victims who've come forward in the wake of the Harvey Weinstein scandal to say sexual assault, and harassment won't fly anymore.

This is my #metoo story:

A few months ago, I was raped. Or I think I was raped. But not in the usual way.

I was tricked into having sex with a transgender man, who'd undergone such comprehensive gender reassignment surgery, that neither I nor three friends who'd met her had an inkling of suspicion she was a dude, until she admitted it herself.

It all began innocently enough. We were introduced on Facebook through a mutual friend. She was Brazilian and, like me, an avid surfer who chased waves all over the world. Over the course of the next month, my conversations with, well, let's call her Jane, became heated. She was hot, single, intelligent, compassionate and financially independent. We had everything in common and we were obviously attracted to each other. So we agreed to meet in Bali and chase waves in G-Land, the world-famous reef break on the island of Java.

When I finally met Jane in Bali, it felt like catching up with an

"What? You've done this before? You think this is OK?" I shouted. "It's not! It's deception! I never would've slept with you if I knew you were a man."

She cried, pleaded me to reconsider and tried to hug me. But my arms hung limp. Dead. They had to. If I animated them, I knew I'd end up throwing punches.

I wriggled out of Jane's embrace and told her to get the fuck out of my room. She hung her head and started packing.

The moment she left, I called the friend who introduced us. He was as dumbfounded as I was. But in retrospect, he said it all made sense: the boyish aggression, the obsession with her personal appearance and, of course, the penchant for anal sex. Yes, he admitted he'd slept with her, too. And yes, he felt conned. But he didn't think there was anything we could do about it other than write it off as a bad experience.

And that's exactly what I did. Or what I tried to do. But in the coming days, I started to feel more than conned. I felt violated. Abused. I started to think I'd been raped.

When I returned home, I looked into taking legal action against her. My investigation led me to a story about councils in New South Wales that hire private investigators who go into unlicensed brothels and have sex with workers to collect evidence for trials. I contacted Scarlet Alliance, Australia's Sex Workers Association,

THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU. I WAS BORN A MAN. I HAD SURGERY IN BRAZIL WHEN I WAS 18.

old friend. We already knew everything about each other, so there was none of the awkwardness of a first date. That night, we went out to dinner with close friends of mine, a married couple I've known for ten years. The wine and conversation flowed freely, and the following day my friends sent a glowing review. Jane, they said, was a real catch. They loved her.

On our second night together, Jane and I had sex. Not vaginal sex, because she said she wasn't that into it. She wanted anal. (I know: obvious warning sign, right? But I'd seen her vagina in the shower. It never crossed my mind it'd been constructed by a cosmetic surgeon. Why would it?)

The following morning, she dropped the bomb: "There's something I have to tell you. I was born a man. I had surgery in Brazil when I was 18."

I turned my head away. What the fuck?!

I remained paralysed for the 10 or 15 or 60 seconds it took for the message and all its implications to sink in. When I reclaimed the power of speech, I was mortified. "How dare you? I had the right to know!" I told her.

In her defence, Jane said she had always felt like a woman. She said there was nothing in her that was male. She said it shouldn't make a difference, and that all her relationships started this way.

who described my experience as "sex by deception" – a form of sexual assault.

Turned out there was even research on it. In his 2013 report on the issue, Tom Dougherty, a philosophy professor at Cambridge University, argued that withholding information that could've changed your partner's mind about having sex is absolutely a form of sexual assault. "My conclusion may appear prudish or reactionary," he wrote. "But I would resist this characterisation. Ultimately, my stance is motivated by the thought that someone has the right to decide down to the very last detail what comes into sexual contact with [their] body, and this is a particularly important right."

I still don't know what to do about Jane. I'm still not even sure I was raped. Every rape victim story I've read has been horrific. Mine wasn't. It just made me feel shit afterwards.

But I do maintain my right to know the real identity and original sex of anyone I sleep with.

In Australia and some other countries, lawyers, human-rights groups and victims of sex by deception are fighting to criminalise the act. But getting there will take some time. And until those laws are passed, Jane and others like her will be free to do as they please. So I guess that "me too" hashtag isn't going anywhere anytime soon. **1**

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